The Saturday Review of Literature

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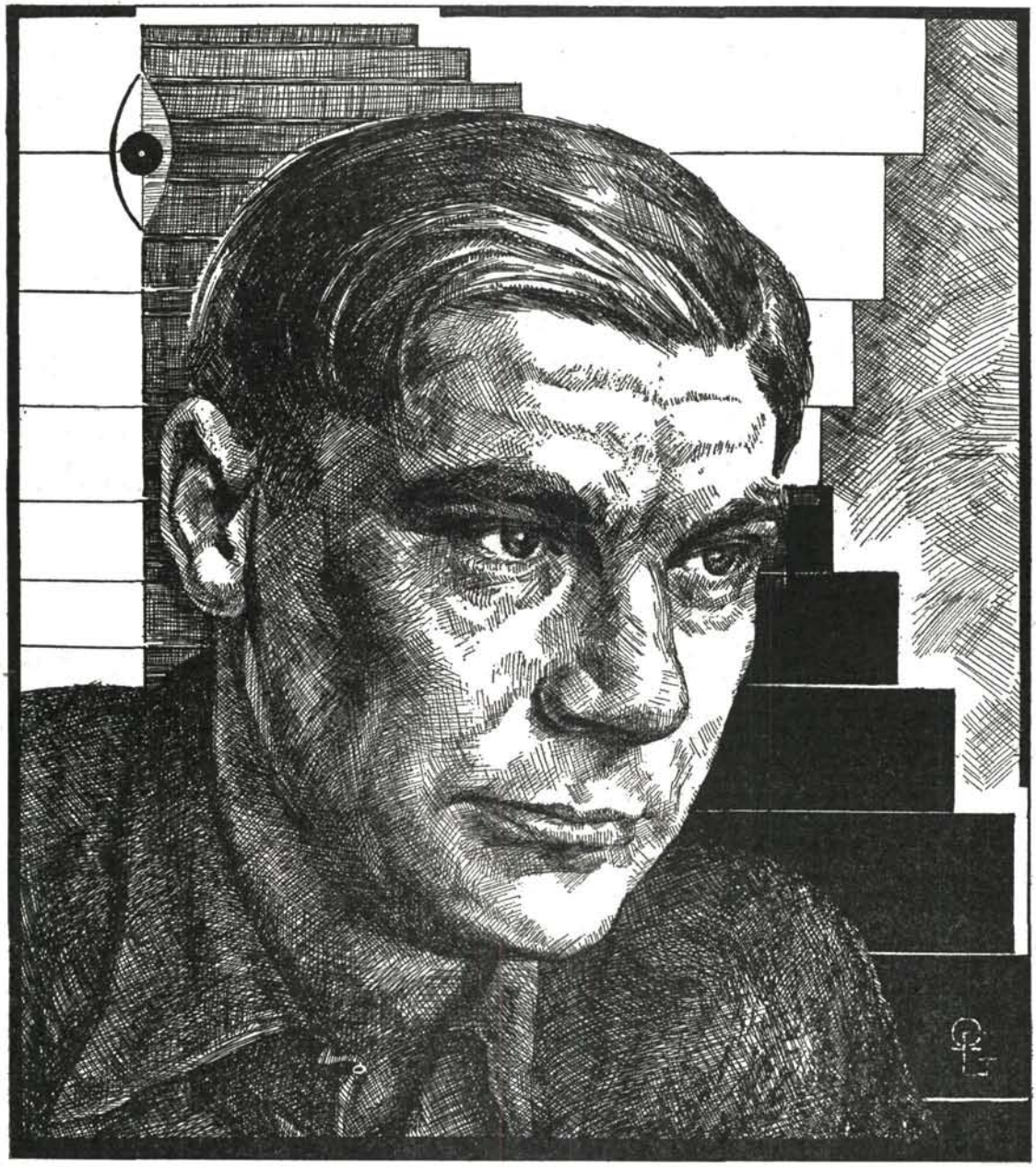

Arthur Koestler, author of "Twilight Bar." *(See page 11)*

America's First Man of Letters

By SAXE COMMINS

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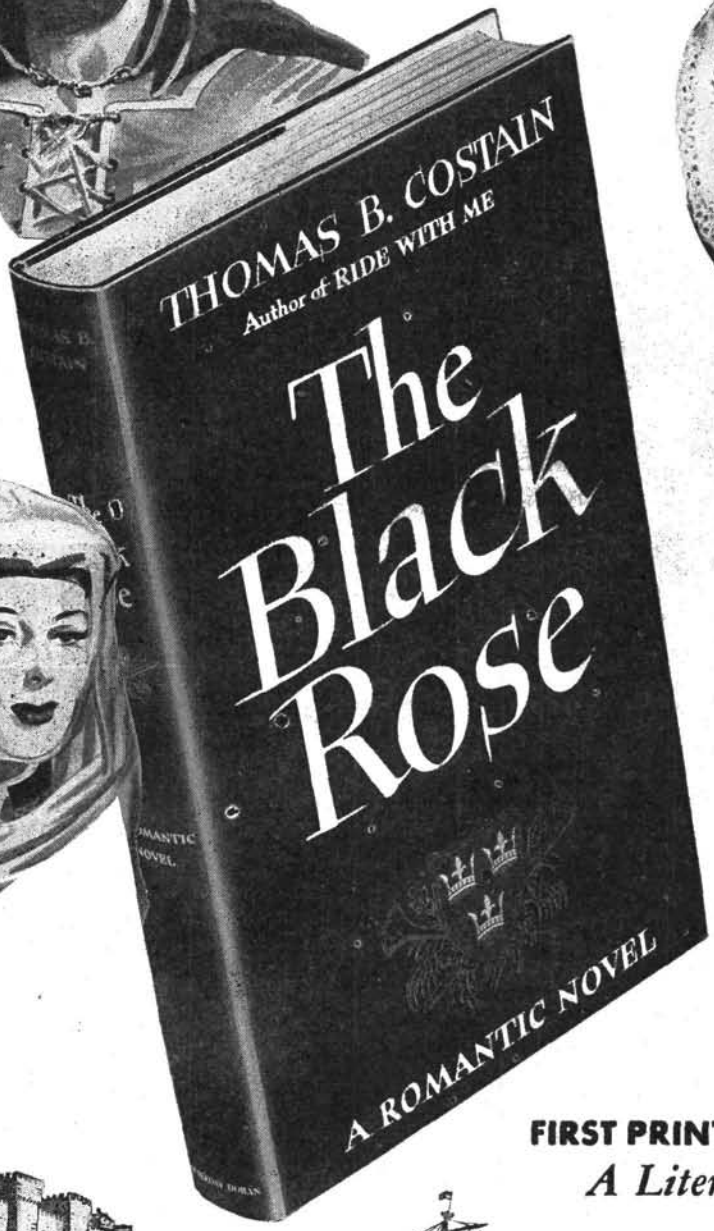

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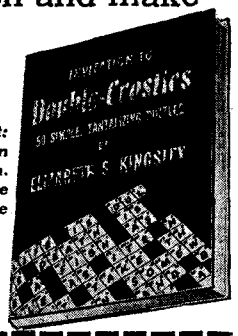

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On March seventh we published such a book, Harrison Forman's REPORT FROM RED CHINA. Both the substantial text—over 100,000 words—and thirty-six pages of illustrations are real news—vital, timely, and fresh information about an important subject. In our advertising elsewhere we have, quite properly we feel, been calling REPORT FROM RED CHINA "the book publishing scoop of the year." The story behind that scoop explains how it comes about that, for once, a book is urgent news.

What Mr. Forman has done is to tell in full detail what has been happening in the sixteen so-called "Communist" regions of China during the past half decade. He sets forth the facts about how eighty-odd million Chinese have been living during those years, how they have been fighting a brilliant, unrecognized and highly unorthodox war against the Japanese, how they have been pioneering in a new kind of society, solving the millenia-old problems of Chinese life, and what is the progress of their experiment in developing a democracy for at least a part of the oldest nation on earth. And this story is being published at the very height of a stormy controversy about these Chinese "Reds" in which the supporters of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang Government are claiming that these eighty million of their fellow countrymen are an incorrigible menace .

Americans have been told about the "Communist" areas of China before, of course. Edgar Snow has written brilliantly about them. So have Agnes Smedley Butler and Ilona Ralf Sues. But since well before Pearl Harbor, no western journalist had been allowed to visit Yenan —the "Communist" capital—or the fighting fronts where the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army, representing somewhat less than a fifth of all the Chinese armies engaging the Japanese, have been holding, almost alone, the entire Japanese forces in check.

The deadlock of censorship and information on the "Communist" areas during the past five or six years has been imposed from Chungking. When correspondents were allowed permission to visit Yenan, their dispatches were censored or suppressed. Questions from the press were answered along the line that these people—"actually little better than brigands"—were such brilliant propagandists that if correspondents were allowed to go see for themselves they would be completely hoodwinked. So the correspondents in the Press Hostel in Chungking had waited.

Finally Chungking had to relent. An official press party was authorized to go to Yenan. It was, however, not a large party, and only Mr. Forman and one or two of the others stayed to cover the whole of the great story they found in China's so-called Border Regions.

Realizing that the fragmentary news dispatches he was able to file at the time did no more than scrape the surface, Harrison Forman began to write REPORT FROM RED CHINA while he was still in Yenan. He jotted down rough notes in the field while he was traveling with the Red Army and watching the actual anti-Japanese fighting. When he returned to Chungking he had most of his book ready. Another month of work finished the job, and the manuscript reached us just before Christmas. Thus it has taken us about two months to edit and print the book—something of a record in these days of manufacturing difficulties and a feather in the cap of our printers. Meantime Lin Yutang's THE VIGIL OF A NATION, General Stilwell's recall, the military crisis in China, and a whole group of dramatic events there have precipitated a profound controversy about China's present and future.

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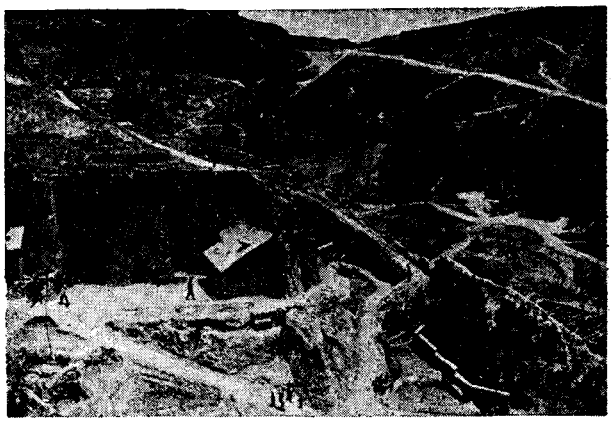

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The Saturday Review of Literature

America's First Man of Letters

Story of a Successful Writer Who Failed in Business and Law

SAXE COMMINS

AMERICANS are just beginning to refresh their national memory. We are finding pride, and no little solace for an uncertain present and an unpredictable future, in the rediscovery of our past. The tendency to run away from that past into a geographical and cultural expatriatism has finally given way to a revival of interest in a nation and a history that have been a century and a half in coming of age.

In a sense that general pattern can be traced back to the first professional writer of the American Republic, who was born in 1783, the year when the Treaty of Paris brought the American Revolution to an end, and lived to become the first man of letters from the United States to win international fame. In the life and travels and works of Washington Irving, it is possible to read the cycle of a nation born, finding its lifelong attachments in childhood, moving restlessly in youth, seeking permanence of place and expression in middle age, and returning to its origins at the end, trying to summon remembrance of things past.

The main events in Washington Irving's life lend force to speculation on this ever-recurring design. The New York in which he was born still carried the relics of the Indian native and the manners of the Dutch occupation, and it is especially remarkable that his first, and perhaps his greatest, achievement was in a satirical memoir of the city of his birth, recalling a time just past with the humor of a Laurence Sterne and the impaling irony of a Dean Swift. Diedrich Knickerbocker's "A History of New York" was an auspicious beginning. It enabled the young author to take flight to Europe and become exposed to its influence, as so many subsequent writers, from Longfellow to Hemingway, were to do. There under the guidance of Sir Walter Scott, W. M. Thackeray, Thomas Moore, and others, Irving expanded his outlook and became far more than the recorder of his quaint homeland. He wrote of England and English ways, but still the recollection of his Hudson River Valley days impelled him to recount such stories as "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" from foreign soil.

Failure in the law and business, disappointment of the heart and insecurity about the future brought the writer to Europe for the second time. He remained an expatriate for seventeen years. It is significant, for the purposes of this speculation, that he wrote, then and later when he became Ambassador to Spain, the biographical works whose subjects had their birth and existence far from home, and the history, "The Conquest of Granada," of a land and a people far removed from his Manhattan companions of the Salmagundi days. Even his "Alhambra," with its evocation of Moorish splendor, is in the romantic mood and resurrects a lost world with the loving care of the antiquarian and the precision of the archeologist.

It is perhaps evidence of the shyness of a young author and later the continued self-consciousness of a man writing in alien lands that Washington Irving did not issue a single book under his own name until he had passed his fiftieth year. His first letters to newspapers, when he was a boy, were signed "Jonathan Oldstyle."

As one of the three contributors to the magazine *Salmagundi* he appeared in the guise of "Anthony Evergreen, Gent." A "History of New York" was under the authorship of "Diedrich Knickerbocker," a name far more closely identified with New York than that English Duke's for which the city was renamed. "The Conquest of Granada" bore the imposing pseudonym of "Fray Antonio Agapida," and "The Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveller," and "Bracebridge Hall" were credited to "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent."

With the return of the native, after so long an absence, interest was revived in familiar scenes, and themes closer to the heart of his own land made demands on Irving's pen. "Astoria," "The Adventures of Captain Boneville," and "A Tour on the Prairies" were exciting and in the best sense patriotic accounts of the opening of our West. The wanderer had come home and had rediscovered America.

MOST meaningful, perhaps, is that the crowning work of Irving's life was the five-volume biography of George Washington. The cycle was complete. Irving, the pleasure-loving, genial, imperturbable traveler and gentle hedonist, the man without much interest in his time or the world's convulsions, unless these inconvenienced him, the professional man of letters, the respected but inconspicuous diplomat, the always fluent and imaginative story-teller—Irving, first in a long succession of American authors, established the inevitable pattern: early growth and achievement in the land of his birth; the attraction of and flight to an older culture; and, finally, homecoming and the exploration of the world that was at first too familiar and taken for granted and then became an inexhaustible treasury of remembrance.

The home at 131 William Street into which Washington Irving was born had no Dutch equanimity or

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Quaker tolerance; it was so severely and angrily religious that nearly every one of the children who managed to survive ultimately revolted against the father's stern Scotch Covenanter doctrines. Washington himself seemed to learn quite early in youth that the wages of pleasure could very frequently be a more abundant life.

After a casual schooling which lasted until he was sixteen, he entered a law office, where his reading went beyond the law. At this period he spent a summer in Westchester County and explored the Sleepy Hollow region. In 1800 he made his first voyage up the Hudson River to visit his sisters in Albany. On such excursions he steeped himself in the legends of the river and the Dutch and Indian lore of all the settlements along its 150-mile course. In 1802, all of nineteen years old and a law clerk in the office of Josiah Hoffman, our author, disguised as Jonathan Oldstyle, contributed a series of letters to the *Morning Chronicle* protesting with admirable chivalry against jesting at maiden ladies, and other such local follies.

Because of ill health, Irving was persuaded by his brothers to take passage for Europe in 1804. He arrived in France while Napoleon was at the height of his glory. The young visitor was too active cultivating the society of well-situated families to worry much about the meaning to France and Europe of the Corsican's dream of power. In Italy music and painting held the interest of the traveler for a little while; in London the chief attraction was the theatre; and elsewhere it was a fete or the opera or the companionship of charming and light-hearted friends.

TO return to New York and the practice of law after such a grand tour was a dismal prospect. There had to be distraction, and soon it was found among those convivial lads who called themselves the "Nine Worthies" and carried on their milder revelries in New York and their more secret roisterings in an old country house on the Passaic River. In this group were Washington's eldest brother, William, and James Paulding. These three Manhattan bravos collaborated to issue a semi-monthly magazine which they dubbed *Salmagundi*, and whose avowed intention was to "amuse, edify and castigate the town." It ran through twenty numbers and created a genuine stir. Irving's contributions represented a considerable improvement in content and style over the adolescent seriousness of purpose in the writings of Jonathan Oldstyle. In fact, the pieces in *Salmagundi* foreshadowed the writer of fluency and felicity, of graciousness and gentleness, the whole world was soon to recognize.

Meanwhile the young lawyer tried in vain to make some headway in his profession. A foray into politics on the side of the Federalists and an attempt to win a civil appointment at Albany failed. He actually attended, as counsel, the trial of Aaron Burr in Richmond, but his role was inconspicuous.

With *Salmagundi* no longer in existence, Washington and his brother Peter conceived the idea of a satirical and burlesque account of their native city. Peter was summoned to Europe, and Washington, perhaps because of his profound distaste for the law or perhaps even for want of something better to do, undertook to complete the task alone.

Thus the first great work of imaginative literature in the American Republic came into being. It appeared in 1809, when its author, hiding behind the pseudonym of Diedrich Knickerbocker, was twenty-six years old. A "History of New York" is far more than its title suggests. As satire, as a richly embellished recreation of Gargantuan figures and of fabulous history, it is improvisation on a grand scale that ranges from out-and-out burlesque to epic grandeur of scene and action. This gay and whimsical account of the rise of the Dutch from the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the Doubter, to the grandiose reign and pathetic end of Peter Stuyvesant, the Headstrong, deservedly belongs among the most admired books of all American literature.

Even before the completion of "A History of New York," a tragic episode, which many biographers insist influenced all the rest of Irving's life and career, marked the end of his youth. Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of the lawyer in whose offices Washington was employed, awakened a deeply ardent emotion in the heart of the aspiring writer. Marriage was impossible until an assured means of livelihood could be found. Tragically, Matilda Hoffman died in her eighteenth year, and Irving was crushed. All his life he cherished a painfully nostalgic memory of his childhood sweetheart, and never married. Especially touching and in the best romantic mood of the period is the story that after his death there was found hidden in a strong-box a miniature, a lock of hair, and a yellowing piece of paper on which Irving had inscribed "Matilda Hoffman." Biographers with less respect for the romantic tradition have revealed how in the Dresden period Irving loved, wooed, and lost a lady, Miss Emily Foster, whose heart was stronger.

THE acclaim of the "History" was more than heartening; it helped determine the choice of Irving's career. With his brother he crossed the Channel to France. By steamboat they traveled to Rouen, and were impressed with the possibilities of steam navigation, then in its infancy. Nearly all of Washington Irving's literary earnings were soon lost in the business of promoting a steamboat company.

In the year that he remained in Paris, Irving's closest friends were Thomas Moore and John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." Payne, down on his luck, was afflicted with a form of genius mania and it expressed itself in grandiose schemes for the drama. Irving, with his love for the theatre, needed little persuasion to become his collaborator.

"Bracebridge Hall," Irving's third book, was sold to Murray, the publisher, for $1,000, and, with fresh funds, the traveling author returned to the Continent, this time in search of relief from the recurring malady of eczema. After leisurely visits to most of the German cities, he arrived in Dresden, where the romance with Emily Foster, about which future biographers were to become so concerned, blossomed for six or seven months and then wilted.

Back in Paris, the spurned lover assuaged his grief in violent activity in playwriting with Payne. Although not listed in any of his works, there is good evidence that he collaborated in the creation of such plays as "Charles II," "Richelieu," "Abu Hassan," and "The Wild Huntsman," all of which remained unknown to the world until disinterred by a painstaking bibliophile more than one hundred years after they were written.

In 1824 Irving collected a sufficient number of pieces to make "The Tales of a Traveller" and sold the book to Murray for the then unprecedented sum of 1,500 guineas. In spite of one of the unsung brief masterpieces in this sheaf of sketches—"The Poor-

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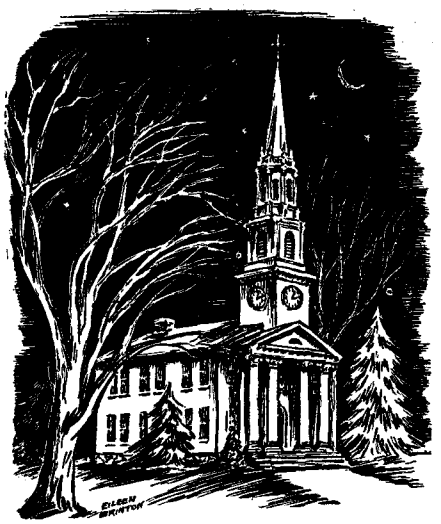
Devil Author"—it added very little to Irving's literary reputation. In fact, the reception of this book was decidedly unfavorable, and so affected him that he forsook writing of this kind for many years.

After losing more of his literary earnings in another ill-advised investment—this time it was Bolivian mines—Irving applied to Alexander Everett, American Minister to Madrid, for a post with the Legation. In complying, the diplomat suggested that the author undertake a translation of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarette's "Voyages of Columbus." By this fortunate circumstance, the richest phases of Irving's life and work awaited him.

Arrived in Madrid in February of 1826, the recently appointed attaché to the Court of Ferdinant VII found no great difficulty in adjusting himself to his new career, since its demands were chiefly social. Paying formal calls and attending functions at the various embassies and homes of the diplomatic colony, observing and enjoying the ceremonials of court and finding excitement at the bull fights seemed to be his official assignment.

Unofficially, this was the most active and productive period of Irving's life. Originally it was his intention to translate some historical documents pertaining to Christopher Columbus which had just been unearthed and edited by Navarette. The more he examined these papers, containing so many hitherto-unknown facts on the discovery of America, the more was the translator inclined to become the author. Forthwith he decided to write a biography of Columbus which would include the mass of data available in the libraries of Madrid and the private collections of Spanish colonial history, as well as whatever he could glean from Navarette.

AFTER two years of the most arduous labor performed by Irving in his forty-four years, the biography of Columbus was ready for publication. In these twenty-four months, as a respite from his researches on the explorer and as a pure labor of love, he wrote what he himself considered the best book to come from his pen up to then, "The Conquest of Granada," and almost all of the book which his admirers still hold in greatest affection, "The Alhambra," although this account of the moldering Moorish citadel was not published until 1832. In addition to these Herculean accomplishments by a man who loved ease and leisure, he collected material for the history of the Conquest of Mexico which many years later he turned over, with a generosity almost unexampled among literary men, to William H. Prescott.



Advancement in the form of an appointment as Secretary of the Legation to the Court of St. James's came from the State Department, and Irving moved to London and a general renewal of his social activities there.

In May of 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, Washington Irving returned to America as a conquering hero. New York had grown to a flourishing city of 200,000 inhabitants, and it seemed that every one of them was eager to do him honor. Lavish entertainments and banquets were prepared for the "Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker." Invitations from all over the country came in a deluge, but Irving quickly realized how far he had traveled from his origins, and he wanted above everything else to avoid attention so that he could attempt to rediscover his native land.

In the autumn of that year he found escape from the clamor of his insistent admirers by leaving for an exploration of the West, starting from Fort Gibson on the Arkansas River. The trip took him into the Pawnee country, and out of it he brought that adventurous account of the plains, "A Tour on the Prairie" and, subsequently, "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville," precursors of those pioneering tales now generically called "Westerns."

With the considerable sums of money earned by his writings, Irving now could afford a place of his own, and he found it near the Sleepy Hollow haunts of his boyhood at Tarrytown on the east bank of the Hudson. The farm which he purchased boasted but one small, stone, Dutch cottage, but Irving immediately set to work to make additions until it grew into a rambling, picturesque residence which the author decided to call "Sunnyside."

Here for ten years, until his appointment as Ambassador to Spain, Irving lived as a country squire who clung to his old, honored, and highly profitable profession. In this period there were written many scattered pieces which were later collected in a volume under the title "Wolfert's Roost and Other Papers." At this time, too, considerable work was done on the "Life of Goldsmith" and "Mahomet and His Successors," although neither of these last-named books saw publication until five years later, when Irving had already begun his research of the monumental "Life of Washington."

In 1842, at the age of fifty-nine, Washington Irving was offered the Ambassadorship to Madrid, partly as a gesture to him personally and partly as recognition of the political value of his international reputation as a man of letters and especially one who had written so much on Spain. Daniel Webster made the nomination and it was approved by Henry Clay.

FOR four and a half years Irving remained at his post in Madrid. Although adequately equipped for his rather ornamental duties, he was never conspicuous for the originality or forcefulness of his statesmanship. The truth is that he cared too little for diplomacy to devote himself to it. The habits of a lifetime and his obsession to get on with the writing of his biography of Washington probably made him look upon this appointment as a golden opportunity to finish his *magnum opus* under the conditions of leisure and repose rather than as a means of staking out a new career for his old age.

When, in 1846, he came back to Sunnyside, it was all too apparent that he wanted nothing more than to complete his work in tranquillity at home. That work was: to conclude, in 1849, the "Life of Goldsmith" and "Mahomet and His Successors" in 1850, and finally to give his last efforts to the five-volume biography of George Washington, issued from 1855 to 1859.

The date of 1859 is significant. It marked the completion of a task begun soon after the end of the Revolutionary War, just as the new century dawned, and brought to a conclusion with an analysis and a tribute to the first President of the United States. To this formidable undertaking the last years of Irving's life were consecrated. Now the final word of many manuscripts, comprising twenty imposing volumes, had been written, and it was time to die, without ostentation or offense to anyone, quietly, harmlessly, and resignedly. The first American expatriate writer had come home and had found his own country good.

This article forms part of an Introduction to the "Selected Writings of Washington Irving" to be published this October by the Modern Library.

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Books for a Changing Economy

Setting the Background for Reconversion

HERBERT HARRIS

THE American economy is now stumbling into reconversion, as a prologue to a replenishment boom that may last as long as four years, even while being pocked and shaken by its own fever. Times will generally be good for "business," but bad for some seven million who chronically will be out of jobs unless the Murray Full Employment Bill, or a similar measure, soon is enacted—and without caponizing amendments.

Hence, many people who remember Black October 1929, and its dark searing aftermath, are not dazzled by the new glory of an old gadgetry. They tend to look beyond the bright promise of plastics, and television sets, and toasters that do everything but make babies. They wonder whether our current admixture of Hoover individualism and Roosevelt reformism will suffice as a basis for the bold beginnings and hard choices that America must make if its greatness is not to become merely the grandeur of sunset glow. They have a "concern," in the old Quaker sense of the term, lest we as a nation display in our economics the same tautology that Proust discovered in love, but with infinitely more tragic results. They perceive that the revolution of our time, of which the war has been merely the most violent manifestation, is still thrusting forward; that it has been unimaginably quickened by the technological advancements that foreshadowed and finally summoned forth the atomic age which, for its debut, dissolved sixty per cent of Hiroshima, animal, vegetable, and mineral, into drifting motes of dust.

They know in their bones that it is impossible to indulge in the nostalgics of "normalcy." On the other hand, the contours of the new world which has already arrived are blurred as the memory of a dream. They feel that they exist in a state of suspension, in a new Sheol, while around them the sweep of vast impersonal forces is invisibly reshaping institutions, culture, the very content of man's hope and strivings. They want to make contact with the main currents of their time, and to understand them.

They realize that, central to any such adjustment is comprehension of the tumbling rearrangements in our ways of getting and spending, in industrial process, marketing methods, in profits and wages, in taxes, in the use of credit, private and public, in foreign trade, in whether we recognize and adapt to our own purposes the world trend toward collectivism, or reject it, or merely muck it up.

Yet the otherwise well-educated and informed person often skitters away from acquainting himself with even the rudiments of economics, although it may be doubted if knowledge of any other subject can do more to give meaning to external events, and meaningfulness to individual existence, in our day. Indeed, economics which was household management to the ancient Greeks, public housekeeping to the Renaissance French, political arithmetic to the British of Magna Charta, and the dismal science to Carlyle remains spinach for most Americans.

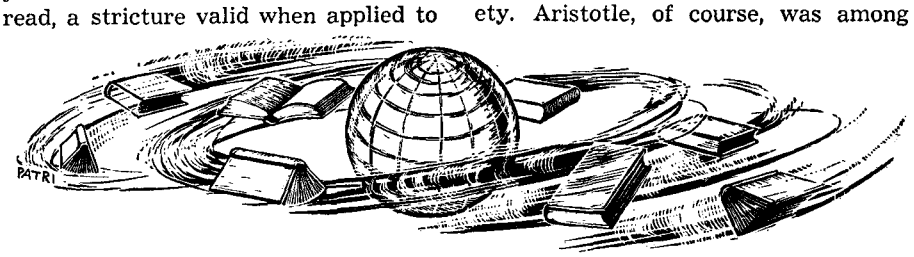
IN one sense, of course, the United States is populated less by free citizens of a republic than by economists, curbstone or cosmic, crackerbarrel or crackpot. Virtually everyone is an authority on the national debt and collective bargaining, for example, the more especially since columnists and radio commentators are by instinct infallible in these fields. Realistically, however, the desire to examine economic ideas in more extensive fashion is thwarted by a dangerous combination of attitudes and conditions.

In the first place, it is frequently pointed out that economists, being in their diversity abstract or empirical, deductive or descriptive, liberal or conservative, often disagree, as they do and very noisily. It is therefore argued that there is no use in consulting any of them. Aside from uncovering the all too human quest for the final answers of absolutism, devotion to this view is analogous to refusing, when taken ill, to credit the findings of modern medicine, and to rely on quackery instead—simply because physicians disagree upon diagnosis and cure. There are those, however, who will continue to affirm that some light, even when smudged by a fumbling Promethean, is preferable to darkness.

In the second place, there is the objection that economics are hard to read, a stricture valid when applied to the economist who takes an adolescent pride in perpetuating a jargon that conceals obscurity of thought, and timidity of spirit, and relieves him of the sweat required to write clearly. Our national tendency toward narrow specialization has further sponsored a vast toilsome accretion of minutiae on everything from Civil War pensions to monetary movements in Cleveland's administration to the effects of the business cycle on specialty shops, data unrelated to anything pragmatic or cogitative, facts without philosophy, details in a vacuum.

But these defects in today's economic literature can be too readily exaggerated. In recent years, our universities, research foundations, the Federal government, labor unions, business services, and independent authors have turned out many useful, pertinent, readable reports, analyses, monographs, books. The layman's hesitancy in tackling them derives less from their inherent difficulty than from his lack of even a slight background that would furnish him with the key to their significance. Certainly there are many places where he can turn to get a workable grounding in economics without expending undue effort, or feeling compelled to serve a novitiate in some mysterious priesthood.

As of today he could, for example, start with the little masterpiece, "The Economic Basis of Politics," by Charles A. Beard. First published in 1923, this classic has just been reissued and contains a new section dealing with the rise of the interventionist state during the past twenty-five fateful years. With his gift for compressing into a luminous paragraph the fruits of much pondering, Beard first surveys the doctrines of thinkers and statesmen to whom an understanding of economics was a prerequisite for understanding life itself. He reminds us that Aristotle combined economics, politics, and ethics into an inseparable trinity, for he knew—as all great economists know—that economics is above all a moral discipline, that the first question to be asked and answered is "what is an economic system for, what ends should it serve, and for whom?" He would have abhorred the petty dissection of the bare bones of economics, to the neglect of exploring what makes the whole man, and enables him to seek the good life in which his skills advance both his own development and that of his society. Aristotle, of course, was among



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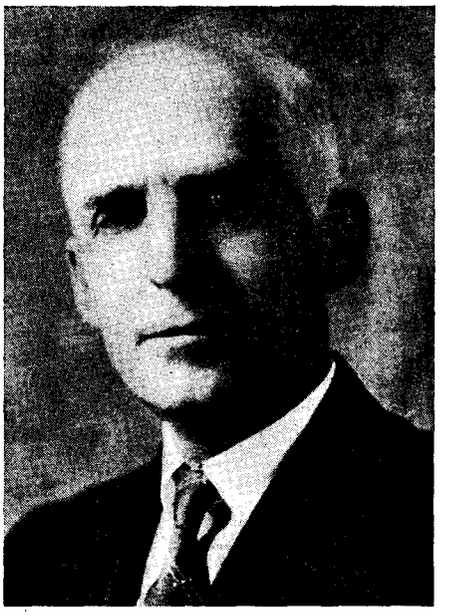
the first to recognize that the form and fortunes of the state are shaped largely by the character of the property (as productive force) and its distribution among the people of any social order.

It was Machiavelli (Beard continues) who was the first of the moderns to transmute this insight into a formula for *realpolitik*. Hence in advising his archetypical "Prince," Machiavelli warns him always to take into account the conflict of economic groups, to balance one against the other, to lean first to the right, and then to the left, to shift his favors to cancel out the competing claims of rival classes, and thus to keep himself in power—a theory of political equilibrium founded on economic differences that has not been without its twentieth-century practitioners.

IT remained, however, for James Madison to apply the precept that politics springs out of economics to the framing a Constitution that would secure the public good and protect private rights while achieving popular government. In the famous No. 10 edition of *The Federalist*, Madison set forth his views which in some respects anticipated Karl Marx by seventy years. Said Madison: . . . "The most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property . . . A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, with many lesser interests grow up of necessity in civilized nations and divide them into different classes actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation . . ."

In handling the philosophers of economics, the formation of economic strata, the origins of political equality as an ideal, Beard is magnificent—never more so than in his subtle demolition of that over-glorified mushhead, that peerless propagandist, Jean Jacques Rousseau. But in his chapter on our own "revolutionary age," the results are less happy. To demonstrate the vast political and economic changes that have occurred over the last quarter of a century, Beard properly cites (1) the growth of a unionism that, to gain its objectives, depends more and more upon government; (2), the vested jobs interests of a swollen bureaucracy; and (3), the increase of government participation in economic affairs. Yet the most important single development in American economics seems to elude him altogether, namely, the ever-tighter concentration of control over industry, finance, and commerce. Our lives are after all largely dominated by the decisions made by perhaps 2,500 men who run our 200 biggest corporations.

Peter F. Drucker: "Managerial power today is illegitimate . . . uncontrolled by and not responsible to the shareholders."



Charles A. Beard ignores "the ever-tighter concentration of control over industry, finance, and commerce."

To compensate for Beard's oversight in this connection, the reader seeking guidance could consider "The Future of Industrial Man," by Peter F. Drucker. He punches up the crowning paradox that business units are getting bigger and bigger, that the larger each becomes the more owners it has, but the more owners it has the less they have to say about the conduct of the enterprise they "own." Hence, Drucker observes, "Managerial power today is illegitimate power . . . uncontrolled by, and not responsible to the shareholders." To record this, Drucker insists, is not to attack modern management for actually there has never been a "more efficient, more honest, more capable" set of rulers than those who direct our giant corporations. The far-reaching power they wield, Drucker contends, is not theirs because they usurped it but because the stockholder has relinquished his rights and duties. Many a top-flight executive is not pleased thus to find himself a despot against his will. Nevertheless, such pivotal persons are at the levers of delicate, complicated economic methanisms which, in their effect upon the rest of us, are too potent to be left without social sanctions of a positive kind. However, Drucker's remedy, that of "building a genuine local self-government in the industrial sphere," is more ambiguous and less satisfactory than his probings into perhaps the chief trouble spot in our economy.

To recover from the feeling of being let down by Drucker's unduly vague prescriptions, the reader who still wants to know something about economics might wish to take time out and learn for himself how supremely right and very wrong even the most penetrating economists can be. For this purpose he might profiitably consult "The Basic Teachings of the Great Economists," by John W. McConnell. This is a serviceable handbook that, in capsule form, discloses for example that Adam Smith at first overlooked the distribution of goods almost entirely, that Sismondi from whom Marx plagiarized a lot predicted in 1829 the rapid extinction of the middle classes, leaving only proletarian and plutocrat. But such information is only an incidental value of this book which owes much of its effectiveness to an ingenious arrangement of chapter headings such as "Competition, Supply and Demand, Price" under which are thumbnail summaries of what Aquinas, Mill, Jevons, Ricardo, Marshall, Pareto, Veblen, and others had to say.

While McConnell's treatment is necessarily foreshortened and oversimplified, it is like the hors d'oeuvres that sharpen appetite for dinner. Two companion volumes that could constitute main courses are the Gide-Rist "A History of Economic Doctrines" which is definitive, scholarly, filled with Gallic grace but which goes up only to 1915; and "A History of Economic Ideas," by Edmund Whittaker, a very solid but interesting book ending around 1940. The chief entree could then well be "The Great Transformation," by the brilliant Hungarian Karl Polyani, published last year. It is a searching reinterpretation of the birth, maturation, and decline of laissez-faire. Polyani's thesis, devastating to the orthodox, is that Western man, particularly during the past 150 years, has been in ever-growing revolt against the violation of the human impulse to coöperate in work with others, as well as against the distor-

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tion of other human values by the fierce competitiveness of an impersonal market economy. The reader should supplement Polyani by R. H. Tawney's lambent, fascinating "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" which reveals the nexus between Calvinist predestination and countinghouse profits.

Equipped with this frame of reference, the reader could pick up such ABC specifics as Goodman and Moore's "Economics in Everyday Life," Mildred Adams's "Getting and Spending," C. L. James's "Outline of the Principles of Economics," and other volumes that define economic terminology and practice in simple terms. He could then attack with confidence the most seminal economic work of our era, the "General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money," by John Maynard Keynes, which has become source book and bible among those who advocate national planning for full production. To familiarize himself with the planning idea, crucial to our day, the American reader especially will find invaluable the four little complementary volumes by Stuart Chase. They are: (1) "The Road We Are Traveling: 1914-1942"; (2) "Goals for America: A Budget of Our Needs and Resources"; (3) "Where's the Money Coming From?" and (4) "Democracy under Pressure: Special Interests *vs.* the Public Welfare." They are all clear, concise, stimulating. For a more philosophic approach to planning as a technique in social engineering, the reader will find "Time for Planning," by Louis L. Lorwin, extremely lucid and, to some extent, prophetic. The major work on planning, of course, remains Sir William Beveridge's "Full Employment in a Free Society," a book that is not only indispensable to the person who wants to orient himself to the economics of our time but is also a policy for human welfare that will go down in history as one of the decisive achievements of the human mind.

The Qualities of the Nehrus

WITH NO REGRETS. By Krishna Nehru. New York: The John Day Company. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

WHEN Krishna Nehru was born to a wealthy, happy, and numerous family, her famous brother was eighteen years old. When he returned from Harrow and Cambridge to the magnificent home his father had built near Allahabad, she was five years old, and a little frightened of this stern, handsome brother whose mind was already concentrating on Indian independence.

Nehru had become a follower of Gandhi and for months his noble and patriarchal father struggled with his son's convictions and with his own conscience. When he surrendered, he did so generously and completely, after sleeping for nights on the bare floor of his room to accustom himself to the prison life he knew that Jawaharlal would have to endure. His son was the apple of his eye, and it went hard with him to know that this young man would be subjected to ignominy and disgrace, and that the twenty people who were his own family would be torn apart because of their devotion to a cause which must have seemed to him impossible of success.

The great house was sold, many of his life-long retainers dismissed, his stable of horses vanished, his career was abandoned because most of his wealthy clients were attached to the British rule. Later the dignified white-bearded old man became the first President of the Indian Congress, finally handing over his office to his own son.

Krishna is now thirty-eight years old. She herself has made her sacrifices for Indian freedom. She learned how to become her brother's secretary and travelled all over Europe with him; she taught in a school for young children; at the end she gave up to British jails, not only her brother and sister, but the husband she had just married, after a year's personal knowledge of what those jails were like.

What a drama this story of the dissolution of the Nehru family would make! Krishna's first glimpse of Gandhi, the man who was to cause this domestic earthquake, was unfavorable. "I expected to see someone tall and strong with flashing eyes and a firm step. Instead, I saw a thin, almost starved man, a little bent, wearing a loin cloth and leaning on a stick, meek looking, and very gentle. Was this the man who was going to go great deeds for our country and free it from foreign domination?" But the more she saw him, the more she was drawn to him. His gentle eyes and winning smile won her over as they did millions of others, not for the moment only, but for their entire lives.

When the Prince of Wales visited India in 1921, the Nehrus, father and son, were both arrested and jailed. The police kept coming thereafter, to exact fines and to raid the house of its valuable furniture, in lieu of fines. In 1923, her brother was again arrested and came home dangerously ill of typhoid. It was the beginning of martyrdom for all of them. After that they were never free from fear. But the Nehrus had a talent for fortitude and martyrdom, not singly, but as a family. As year succeeded year they won the devotion and love of their people. Wherever they were, together, or through the necessity of British justice living apart, in jail or in small apartments, they were the subjects of spontaneous popular demonstrations that few royal families have ever met. When Krishna went for a holiday to distant Ceylon with her brother, they were met with a welcome everywhere, "magnificent and amazing," she writes. "We found numberless people waiting for us for hours by the wayside." It was the first time that she had sensed the true meaning of their sacrifice, and she felt that it was the glory of India that they were honoring, that something had happened and that the Indian's sense of shame was passing away like a painful dream.

As her story progresses, the happiness and gaiety with which Krishna's narrative begins is worn away. Her mother dies, then Nehru's beautiful wife, then her sister, Swarup. "A year ago I had seen her looking ten years younger than she really was. Nine months she had been in jail, and she was out for a few short weeks now. Once more jail had wrought havoc on a loved one." Of her brother she says, "If India idolizes Jawahar today, it is not for his virtue and strength and courage alone, but for his very human qualities. He considers himself neither a hero nor a martyr, but just one who has been privileged to serve his country in her hour of need and who will do so to the very end."

Krishna, herself, views the future darkly, but with complete resignation. Perhaps her brother and her husband have by this time returned to her, perhaps they are in jail. You feel as you read this remarkable recital that it is all one to her, that they will all go to prison again and again, until their health has been destroyed or until their cause has conquered. But curiously enough, there is no word of bitterness against the British in her book, nor does the figure of any white person enter her pages. She is solely concerned with her family and its iron determination to suffer as much as is necessary to gain complete Indian freedom.

An American must view these memories of a woman who is still young with mixed feelings. Too many of us are indifferent, on the whole, to whether India is free, or subject to the British Raj. But the word liberty still rings in our minds. To read of a whole family living and suffering with such nobility for liberty is disturbing to our hope for tranquility and peace in the near future.

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Koestler's Political Miracle Play

TWILIGHT BAR. By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 104 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RALPH BATES

BRILLIANT and provocative as it was, Mr. Koestler's last book alarmed me considerably, and this one is far from reassuring. I am not referring to the literary quality of this four-act political fantasy, but to its doctrine. It does seem to me to be a thing of less significance than others of the author's books. Mr. Koestler at his best is a psychologist of great insight who has been able to analyze an area of feeling which the age has made one of the most important of all, the area of political conscience. This fantasy, however, deals not with real persons but with personified generalization. It is a miracle play, a kind of writing which demands either beauty of language or far greater insights about society than "Twilight Bar" discloses. Its satires upon the British Labor Party and the Communists, its barbed references to Mr. Churchill, indeed to any statesmen, are amusing. There are moments of beauty and there is a deal of good theatre in the tradition of the scoffing twenties, but that is nearly all. There is, of course, an extraordinary relevance in the main idea.

The scene of the play is an island republic governed much as Western democracies are, with a population whose spiritual predicament is much like our own. Two visitors arrive from a remote planet in the solar system of Aldebaran. They deliver an ultimatum: Increase the happiness quotient within three days or all human life will be wiped out by Delta rays! Like any Tory outfit faced with an impossible predicament, the government resigns and invites the opposition to take over. Mr. Smith, a reformist leader in a bowler hat, puts forward a program of which the strongest point is compulsory dental care. He is thrown out; there is no promise of a higher quotient in dentistry. Then Smashing Mary, a Communist, is called in and she, suspecting a trick, refuses to take office. Finally Glowworm, a newspaper columnist with the soul of a poet, takes over and for two days the island goes on a libidinous spree and the quotient rises. Unfortunately the story is put around that the planetary visitors are fakes. The old gang takes over, the visitors are arrested, and the Tellurians go back to their old ways. The play closes in a mood of anxiety arising from barely repressed fear. There is one hour to go to midnight: Were the visitors bluffing? Are there any such forces as Delta rays?

For the past month the newspapers have been describing something even more formidable than Mr. Koestler's Delta rays, and the experiences of the inter-war period are sufficient proof that the "old gang," considered as a social class or as inveterate habit, is quite capable of taking over. It would not be fair to say that Mr. Koestler absolutely limits himself to the doctrine of "Away with Inhibitions"; but by far the greatest emphasis in his third act is upon that doctrine in its simplest form. One may grant that it is a doctrine capable of extension. A psychologically healthy people might not constitute an acquisitive and aggressive society. There is very little of this deeper meaning, however, and that is what concerns me.

Mr. Koestler seems to be denuding himself of important beliefs. After the anguished separation of "Darkness at Noon" he seemed to steady himself, to put his back against a firm rock. "Arrival and Departure," for all its rough handling of the psychoanalytic technique, was far more than a brilliant book. For it stated clearly that when all the neurotic compulsions to heroism and to political activity have been removed, there still remains the necessity of a reasonable response to the predicament of the existent world. La Rochefoucauld's graceless man, nine tenths *amour-propre,* was capable of salvation, and of saving others. Self-love, purified by self-knowledge, becomes acknowledgment of dignity, that book argued, and does not serve a narrow egotism. It is an important doctrine in these times, when, as Malraux had fiercely argued before Koestler, the achievement of manhood itself demands a creative heroism.

That was the doctrine, a sober and good doctrine, of "Arrival and Departure." It was gravely debased in "The Yogi and the Commissar." The present battle for man's regeneration, Mr. Koestler said in that disturbing book, is between the Commissar with his change-from-without religion, and the Mystic with his religion of change-from-within. There is no middle position, Koestler argued. Contemporary democratic socialism has no appeal and is in any case impotent. A degraded communism is likely to sweep over Europe and the honest man can only dream of oases in which to live out the fury and the squalor. We must hope that a new version of socialism will arise, capable of appealing to the irrational part of man as well as to his reason.

Apart from its defeatism, inappropriate on the eve of a sweeping electoral victory for British socialism, there were profound errors embedded in that position. Great prophets have gone into the desert, to return with new salvations, but they have not sojourned in oases; nor have they descended from the mount with a fantasy in praise of carousels as Mr. Koestler now does. And the new version of socialism, if there is to be any, will be forged out on the political battlefield, which is very much offstage in "Twilight Bar."

Mr. Koestler's intentions may have been confused. He may have intended an irony in his depiction of a race that will only be happy under threat of annihilation. Or he may have imagined himself to be making a bitter prophecy. Again, he may have thought he was indicating some of the qualities a good society would have. But no, the obvious meanings of his play are "Eat, Drink and Be Merry," and "Cast Away All Inhibitions." Mr. Koestler may protest, but he is urging us to go back to the twenties, an epoch that sufficiently proved that no contact possible to flesh allays the fever of the bone. Besides when the barman dissolves in a pillar of fire another little drink is, as insulation, no good at all.

Fear, I think, is the strongest emotion back of his recent writing. In his last book it was clearly fear of communism. And this play, he says, was first written in 1933 in Moscow and rewritten in July-August, 1944, "during the last and for me most unbearable, phase of the war." That phase, like the last stage of the Pacific war, was a terrible one, in which the archaic forces within man were seen in all their colossal stature. Yet it was not the destructiveness of man's soul that was the "mobilizer" of feeling in "The Yogi and the Commissar," but Koestler's anguish at violated ideals. There he failed in his desperate effort to transcend his Either-Or dilemma, which in concrete terms is to be expressed thus; either communism or the Church. He fails again. His preface confesses as much. "Twilight Bar" is "an escape from the pressure of reality, and again I have that guilty feeling of having disgraced the blackboard all set for a solemn lesson in history."

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Entangled in Its Own Coils

AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD. By Nathaniel Peffer. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 227 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FOSTER RHEA DULLES

THE argument of Mr. Peffer's trenchant and stubbornly realistic discussion of "America's Place in the World" may be simply stated. The experience of the past has indubitably proved that forces over which we have no control, inherent in our geographical position and great industrial strength, inevitably draw us, sooner or later, into any large-scale international conflict. The United States is "entangled in its own coils." However anxious we may be to stay out of war, its outbreak either in Europe or in Asia will eventually involve this country.

Isolation would perhaps be theoretically possible if we were willing to cut ourselves off completely from all normal contacts, economic as well as political, with the outside world. But the American people would never accept such rigid seclusion—it is "a subject for college debates, not for practical politics." The United States consequently faces two alternatives: the development of its own industrial and military power, possibly supplemented by alliance with Great Britain, along lines that would seek to assure victory in the next war, or unequivocal and unreserved participation, with hard-and-fast commitments, in a world organization that could prevent war.

As all readers of his earlier books naturally expect, Mr. Peffer is forthright and eloquent in support of the latter alternative. He is not certain that it will succeed, and if it fails we shall have to rely upon power politics and play the game to the limit. But the only hope of avoiding the militaristic and imperialistic consequences of trying to make the United States invulnerable, Mr. Peffer declares, is not only to take part in world organization for peace, but to throw the weight of American influence behind such a movement.

This program necessarily involves some limitation upon that mystical concept known as national sovereignty. Mr. Peffer points out, however, that every international treaty infringes upon sovereignty. Membership in a world organization does not pose a choice between absolutes—either unimpaired sovereignty or surrender of national independence. While the world is too closely integrated for any nation to remain wholly a law unto itself, it is not necessary, according to the author's thesis, to create a world state in order to establish a system of collective security which can enforce compliance with accepted provisions for outlawing aggression. The United States must be ready to waive the rights inherent in full sovereignty to the extent of granting a world organization the authority to enforce its decision against any nation threatening peace, but Mr. Peffer maintains that this is a far lesser sacrifice than to remain the victim of the war-making policies of other nations over which we have no control whatsoever. Experience has most certainly proved, as he clearly demonstrates, that safeguarding our supposed freedom of action is no protection against being drawn into a war.

This book was written before the dawn of that atomic age into which the world is now so fearfully peering. Its reasoning is incisive and convincing—for Mr. Peffer writes with clarity and cogency—even against the background of what now seems to be that relatively innocent era before whole cities were so literally at the mercy of a single enemy bomb. That being the case, everything which is said in "America's Place in the World" is now underscored and reëmphasized. One might think that there is no need for such a book in the light of present circumstances. But its insistence upon realistic thinking in international affairs remains of the utmost value in combatting the fatuous belief, still not wholly eradicated, that our tremendous national power will somehow enable us to muddle through, even now, regardless of the fate of collective security.

Mr. Peffer is not concerned with the details of future peace settlements, nor with the details of world organization. He deals throughout his book with the basic, underlying principles of foreign policy. The one point upon which he is emphatically convinced, however, is that no nation can retain the right to veto action that might be directed against itself by the world organization. He would have the United States join any organization that may be set up even with such limitations upon its authority—which is, of course, what has happened—and then work unceasingly to give it the powers that it must have if it is to prove successful. It is constantly reiterated that the test is not the blueprint of organization—for if it were, the League of Nations would have preserved peace—but the good faith of the member nations.

Three other points stressed by Mr. Peffer should be noted. He demands reasoned and realistic thinking—"the imperative of intelligence"—in plotting our future course. We can no longer afford "to indulge the national weakness for the mellifluous and grandiloquent . . . for loose, amorphous idealism in words." He warns gravely against the danger of the conservative domestic policies of the United States leading it to throw its influence against the growth of economic liberalism. America as a new Holy Alliance seeking to preserve economic "legitimism," he declares, would invite the same disasters as befell the Holy Alliance of the nineteenth century in its effort to preserve political "legitimism." And, finally, he urges that new thought be given to the problem of allowing democracy more control over international policy. On this issue, he specifically recommends that Congress be allowed a direct hand in the conduct of foreign affairs, possibly through some permanent joint committee, rather than permit responsibility to remain almost wholly with the executive.

Nathaniel Peffer "urges that new thought be given to the problem of allowing democracy more control over international policy."

There are times when Mr. Peffer appears to be dogmatic and perhaps doctrinaire. He seldom admits the possibility of compromise: the United States must do this, or it must do that. There is no middle ground. It seems unrealistic, for example, to expect the American people to give over completely all idea of building up their military power in joining a still untried world organization. In view of the attitude of other powers, must not the United States also have two strings to its bow in seeking to maintain peace? Yet Mr. Peffer may be entirely right. If we hesitate at this critical point in world history in giving concrete evidence of our willingness to uphold world security rather than national defense, we may well be lost. There can be little question that its material power places upon America the responsibility to make the first sacrifices in behalf of international coöperation, and imposes,

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Biography of a Romantic

FLORESTAN. The Life and Work of Robert Schumann. By Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 538 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LEE PATTISON

IN the present era of modern mechanized civilization we are prone to imagine ourselves far from Romanticism. Yet the year 1945 has much in common with those years which followed the downfall of Napoleon. Again, men in all parts of the world are seeking new freedoms of thought and expression. This is a peculiarly appropriate time to bring out a biography of one of those bold spirits who gave such impetus to that nineteenth-century upsurge of creative thought that we now call the Romantic movement.

Robert Schumann was a quiet, retiring man, yet his life was filled with drama and ended in tragedy. Mr. Schauffler relates the familiar facts of that life with charm, wit, and at times pathos. The early student years; the accident to the hand which prevented the chosen career of piano virtuoso; the five-year wooing of Clara Wieck against the will of her father and in the face of his incredibly malicious cruelty; the amazing fecundity in both literary and musical composition, are all set forth in their true perspective. The psychological drama which developed in the composer's later years and its inevitable effect on his work are handled with sympathy and considerable understanding.

Like Mr. Schauffler's other books on musical subjects, "Florestan" is written in semi-popular style, but his writing here has a quality of sensitivity not evident in his earlier biographies. Wisely, he has quoted liberally from Schumann's magazine articles, his letters and those of Clara, as well as parts of her diary. As a result, the reader clearly sees the gradual development of those noble traits of character which endeared Schumann to those around him, and which are so strongly revealed in his music.

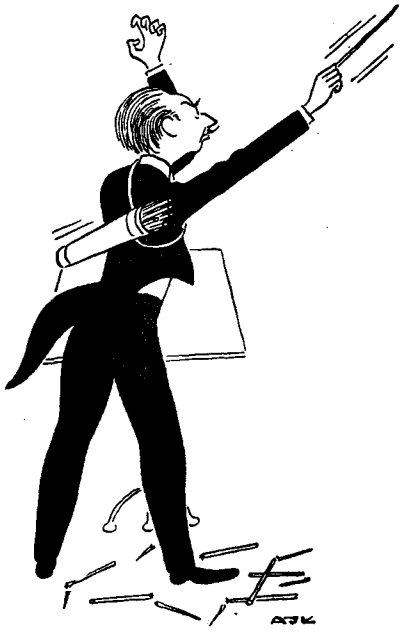
With considerable penetration Mr. Schauffler clarifies the strange disintegration of the composer's mental powers by explaining something of the family background; his sister's melancholia and suicide, his brother's early death, and what he considers a mother-fixation on the part of Robert himself. The author types Schumann as a manic-depressive, and certainly evidence that there were two distinctly contrasting sides to his character is not far to seek. When under the influence of the fiery, ardent side of his nature, Schumann called himself Florestan, and when the dreamy, tender side was in the ascendant he called himself Eusebius. Many of the critical articles in *Die Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*—which magazine he founded—as well as some of the earlier piano compositions are ascribed to one or both of these subjective personalities.

Mr. Schauffler does not ridicule the rather high-flown literary style of that magazine (Jean Paul's influence could hardly be escaped) but believes Schumann to "have been that inspiring sort of person, met but once in a blue moon in editorial chairs, who brings out the best in his contributors."

The stirring scenes in Dresden in 1849 when the Revolution had reached the very doors of the Schumann household might easily have taken place in the Germany of recent years. And we know only too well that complete absorption in a world within himself and incomprehension of the dangers around him could end only in tragedy.

The chapter describing those scenes and "The Ring and the River" are the finest bits of writing in the book. The latter is concerned with the last tortuous days in Düsseldorf, culminating in the scene on the bridge over the Rhine when the distraught composer edged his way through the carnival throng, and after throwing his wedding ring into the green water below, leapt in after it.

Schauffler displays so much insight into the character of Schumann and so much sympathetic understanding of Clara in her many faceted role of wife, mother of seven children, protector and inspirer of a great man, and supreme concert pianist that it is strange that he should side with the gossiping tongues concerning the relations between Clara and Brahms.



Time after time he shows us her high regard for public opinion and her almost fanatical devotion to her husband—and yet when that husband is in a sanatarium, we are expected to believe that she could carry on a too-great intimacy with his young disciple, ten years her junior. Such a thing is also completely at variance with Brahms's character, as Mr. Schauffler should certainly know. Admitting that "there is no sure affirmative evidence," does he still believe the gossip? That at the outset of his career Brahms was in love with Clara for a short time is undeniable, but it is very evident to anyone who reads their published letters that the proud, conservative Clara knew how to transmute that love into a lifelong friendship. We agree with Mr. Schauffler that Clara Schumann had many faults, but certainly duplicity was not one of them.

The book flashes many sidelights on other musical personages prominent in the first half of the nineteenth century—Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Wagner, Sterndale Bennett, Hiller, and others. Illustrations reproducing unusual portraits of these celebrities as well as of the Schumann family add to the book's interest. The appendices are excellent, and include a Bibliography, a Glossary of Musical Terms, a complete list of Schumann's compositions, and a list of recordings. It is inevitable that this last is incomplete, but one wonders why such a fine recording of the Piano Quintet as that by Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet is omitted.

The second section of the book is devoted to a detailed consideration of much of the music. Obviously written to stimulate the musical amateur, some of the comments will undoubtedly serve their purpose. One cannot but feel, however, that these pages are somewhat cluttered by the search for the paternity of what the author calls "source motives," a search which frequently descends to the level of the "Tune Detective."

The strength of the book lies in the sympathetic presentation of Schumann's life story. It should make many new friends for one of the most lovable of all musicians.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 596)

JOSEPH W. KRUTCH:
SAMUEL JOHNSON

Johnson . . . takes it for granted that neither the enjoyment nor the understanding of literature requires any capacities or any knowledge not possessed by every intelligent man. . . . No special conceptions . . . no special terms . . . are necessary.

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What Makes an Un-American

THE DIES COMMITTEE. A Study of the Special House Committee for the Investigation of Un-American Activities 1938-1944. By August Raymond Ogden. Washington: The Catholic University of America Press. 1945. 318 *pp.*

Reviewed by MORRIS L. ERNST

LIBERAL forces in our land had no equipment with which to fight the evil Dies Committee. This phenomenon, bobbing up as a kind of national Huey Long, fanned by the daily press, repeatedly favored by substantial popular polls, was one of those "end justifies the means" instruments for which democracy has invented no policies for correction. The irony of the Dies episode—in the main a one-man circus put on by an adolescent sophomore—relied on the selfsame procedures as those employed by the very underground movements which Congress and Martin Dies intended to investigate. Scandalous unproven rumors, headlines of promised uprisings, loose use of improbable definitions of "un-American"—all led Dies, as it leads American communists and fascists to generalize about the Jewish people, the Catholic Church, Japanese, communists, etc.

Professor Ogden, in "The Dies Committee" has rendered a truly beneficent service. With calm objectivity he relates in chronological detail the hearings, press releases, and work for which Congress provided about $700,000; the efforts which tainted the reputations of thousands of people, and which with few exceptions were carried on without the scantiest recognition of Anglo-Saxon rules established for taking evidence in legislative inquiries.

Ogden calls no names. He passes no resolutions. In the main he allows the facts to speak for themselves. He does exactly the job which liberal organizations should have done in their repeated attempts to educate the public to protest against the outrages perpetrated by Dies. Clearly demarking the distinctions which must be drawn between court and legislative inquiries, Ogden piles on the factual evidence so that there is scant need for conclusions at the end of the book.

His chapter on antecedents lays a solid ground for the volume. He does well to remind us that the original Dies resolution was no novel concept. He goes back to the Mitchell Palmer days and the reprinting by the United States Senate in 1924 of the booklet published by the United Mine Workers of America showing the attempt of communists to seize the American Labor movement. He rehearses the inept frights of Hamilton Fish, the antics of Congressman Dickstein, and the patient work of the previous committee led by Congressman McCormack, which despite scant accomplishments pursued a fair formula of interviewing all witnesses in executive session, and then, only if deemed necessary, holding public hearings.

Ten pages of names of individuals and organizations in the index refresh the reader's memory of the innumerable stories which the press spread to the public, not only from official testimony and reports, but more often from press releases of the Chairman and his outlines of future testimony. The author annotates all his references and we read with some joy the brave resistance of Ickes, Henderson, Fly, Wallace, and Biddle, who never receded before the Congressman. No group was totally immune from his slander. Those who dared sue were not only effective for their own ends but put into proper perspective the area of Congressional immunity from civil suits. The Catholic Church was "penetrated"; Roosevelt was infected; Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, together with Humphrey Bogart and Shirley Temple, all came in for suspicion on the typewriter of the Texas Congressman. In the early period of the Committee, Heywood Broun was the only person allowed to defend himself, but was granted only enough time to read a brief statement. *Social Justice,* which glorified Dies as the Man of the Week (Sept. 1938) seems to have held a favored status. Ogden's mention of all such facts might be a clue to the effectiveness of his documentation as compared with the efforts of those liberal gazettes and groups which led the fight against Dies; a confused fight, never quite objective and seldom conducted with the painstaking analysis evident in Ogden's skilled manuscript.

Although Dies has been eliminated from Congress, there are many Representatives prepared and anxious to carry on. Doubtless today, as in 1940, more than two-thirds of all persons interviewed would favor *such* an investigation, with less than ten per cent in opposition. We should remember, as Ogden points out, that fifty-seven per cent of all persons recorded in a poll favored a million dollar appropriation for Dies, with only eleven per cent recorded against it, and thirty-two per cent without any opinion. The entire liberal fight against Dies has boiled down to a small part of the eleven per cent opposition. Sel-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Unusual things happen in the middle of the night, as the ten instances from literature's pages that make up this week's quiz will show. Allowing 5 points for naming each character concerned and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. Awakened from sleep by a demoniac laugh, this governess opened her bedroom door, discovered that smoke was pouring from her employer's room, dashed in and threw a basin of water on his blazing bed.

2. In the middle of a chilly April night this young lady left her father's castle, went out in the woods to pray for her absent lover, and encountered a beautiful, desolate, and highly sinister lady.

3. You can imagine this girl's surprise when she woke up and saw the man she loved in the adjoining sitting room in the act of stealing a valuable gem.

4. Night after night while his other schoolmates slept, this little boy sat in the dark and told stories from the classics to the school hero.

5. With cat-like tread, under the leadership of this twenty-one-year-old hero, a band of pirates stole upon their prey, a major-general and his bevy of beautiful daughters.

6. While his beloved lay asleep in her bedroom, he emerged from a closet with a variety of tasty foods and set out a picnic lunch, then softly serenaded her until she woke up.

7. When everyone in the house was asleep and not a creature was stirring, this visitor arrived with such a clatter that it woke the host, who sprang out of bed and flew to the window.

8. In the middle of the night she would rise from her bed and, still asleep, go through the motions of washing her hands.

9. In the middle of the night he emerged from a window in his castle, crawled face down the castle wall, and returned much later with a half-smothered baby in a handbag.

10. With a companion, this boy lay hidden in the village cemetery and watched the local doctor, with the help of a couple of disreputable characters, resurrect a recently buried corpse.

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dom has a worthy cause been so ineffectively pursued.

As a record of democracy at its worst, and as a guide for future defensive moves, Ogden's book is invaluable. It is not enough to decry the unfair procedures or the weakness of some of Dies's committee confreres. Nor are we driven to deny any benefit from the Dies Committee. In brief, the Dies saga as rehearsed by Ogden must stimulate us into developing techniques for coping with undemocratic organized forces within our democracy. The zeal and fanaticism, driving communists and fascists alike in our midst to use sneaky, stealthy tactics, represents a problem of major importance. We can proceed in two ways to meet it: suppression or disclosure. Communists and fascists thrive on secrecy and anonymity. Dies copied their reckless patterns and followed through by proposals of suppressions, the very ends which the groups under investigation would pursue if in power.

Implicit in Ogden's record is the warning: "You can't beat a horse with no horse." For many years I have urged that all income tax returns of all non-profit making organizations be open for public inspection. There is no basic right of anonymity. The mail pouches should be open to all printed matter but the market place of thought, to be a fair market, should not be deluged as at present with thousands of pamphlets financed by cowardly undisclosed persons. There is no need for any suppression or censorship. There is immediate need for the light of day on all those selling ideas to our public. The Bill of Rights negates the need of anonymity.

Until we adopt some basic philosophy on this problem, the daily press will continue to act as an unwitting aid to Diesism. A Congressman's press releases should not be disregarded, but that does not mean that equal space should not be given to rebuttals, denials, and corrections, particularly from those improperly besmirched.

It is a difficult problem because undercover movements rely on their ability to use the press to besmirch and taint Democracy and to create areas of doubtful membership.

Heywood Broun used to say: "If they call me a communist, I say I am not a communist. But people do not believe me, and they are right not to believe me, for they know that if I were a communist I would say I am not a communist."

The answer is to smoke out all underground cowardly movements. Make them stand up and be counted. Then we can better defend them under our Bill of Rights. Ogden's book will be a mighty aid to all students of this major problem.

A Monument to Free Enterprise

STRUGGLING UPWARD And Other Works. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Introduction by Russel Crouse. New York: Crown Publishers. 1945. 570 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS book—to state the obvious—is an atomic bomb! One Hundred Million Copies Sold! It staggers the imagination. A bestseller of all time; a capsule of the most popular stories ever produced in America. Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Corney Vanderbilt, were nothing to these boys! When we first note the signature "Dick Hunter" in the savings-bank-book that also carries the entry, "Five Dollars," we know that Ragged Dick will be Ragged Dick no longer, but, in all probability, either Head of the House of Morgan or President of the United States! It's as simple as that. There is nothing up Mr. Alger's sleeve. He merely has the stunning *Recipe for Success!*

It is strange that he has not been called to our attention before! It is said that he wrote 119 books that sold 200,000,000 copies. The influence he has had upon our country must be phenomenal! It *has* been, say the wiseacres. There are a lot of his books you can't buy now; hence this one. "Struggling Upward," they say, is an epitome of his indubitable merits. But "Ragged Dick; Or, Street Life in New York" remains his first, and his best, at least to me. I ain't very partic'lar about accommodations (like our hero), but I know that you'll grow up to be a vagabond if you confine yerself to treatin' boys to oyster-stews and bettin' money on cards. But if you go to Sunday School you will meet Miss Ida and end up looking through a book of handsome engravings that show the Pyramids of Egypt. Miss Ida speaks:

> No, my dear. They were used for the burial of the dead. The largest of them is said to be the loftiest building in the world with one exception. The spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg is twenty-four feet higher, if I remember rightly.

She was a tip-top girl. But Micky Maguire was still out in the street balancing a rock in his hand. However, the defeat of Micky was sure, and a new life had commenced for Dick. "He no longer haunted the gallery of the Old Bowery; and even Tony Pastor's hospitable doors had lost their old attraction." I must say, I think that a pity. For Mr. Alger is more than a passable cicerone around New York. And if he had only recounted the current bill at the Old Bowery and the reaction of the audience to it, I should have been very intensely grateful to him. Meanwhile Dick's bank balance climbed to eighteen dollars and ninety cents. He was almost ready to stroll into the merchants' counting-rooms. It was James Travis, "a bar-tender in a low groggery in Mulberry Street," who nearly thwart-

—From the book jacket

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ed that ambition by stealing Dick's and Fosdick's bank book. An old pal in California was making a fortune on his claim, and wanted Travis to "come out." So this fascinating character (as I find him) naturally had to have some money. "He was at once inflamed with the desire to go out to California." You could shoot buffalo from the train-windows.

Dick, aged fourteen, was sorry for Travis. He only wanted his bank book back. But Travis said "Curse you!" Travis was maladjusted. Travis went into the clink; that is, to Blackwell's Island for nine months. He is not, after all, as interesting as the con-man who removed fifty dollars from the yokel down on lower Broadway, which Dick got back for him by bracing-up to the experienced swindler on the Wall Street Ferry to Brooklyn. Nor is he as interesting as that practitioner of the "drop-game" to whom Dick gave a dry-goods circular got up to imitate a bank-roll, in return for the wallet full of waste-paper. Earlier, Dick's acumen was apparent when he asserted that the two-dollar bill his customer at the Astor House had given him was *not* the bill the clerk tried to fob off on him as bad. It was on the Merchants' Bank of Boston. Dick's peculiar way of speaking and use of slang terms had been somewhat modified by his education and his intimacy with Henry Fosdick. And, quite frankly, I find this most disappointing. But he did continue to indulge them to some extent. And when the distracted father on the South Ferry boat expressed himself as follows:

> "My child!" he exclaimed in anguish,—"who will save my child? A thousand—ten thousand dollars to any one who will save him!"

Dick, who was an expert swimmer, though he did not hear the liberal offer, but saw that Little Johnny had already, with streaming face, risen once, plunged in—and finally, "Strong hands seized Dick and his youthful burden, and drew them into the boat, both [*strangely enough!—Ed.*] dripping with water."

A little later Dick received an outfit of clothes, "as the first instalment of a debt I can never repay," and was asked to call at the counting room of James Rockwell, No.—, Pearl Street. That is how he entered Mr. Rockwell's employ at ten dollars a week. But I can't help wondering what became of that ten thousand dollars Mr. Rockwell, as the distracted father, had promised. However, "He's done the handsome thing," said Dick to himself.

Descriptions of New York abound. There is a dazzling bit about Mr. A. T. Stewart's Tenth Street store (which was not open at the time Dick spoke); and No. 365, at the corner of Franklin Street, now the office of the Merchants' Union Express Company (*but remember the time capsule!*) is fitly honored. The Mercantile Library (housing "now" not far from one hundred thousand volumes); Cooper Institute and the Bible House (still there); the Astor House (just about Vesey Street); the Third Avenue and Harlem line of horse-cars (on which the sharp-visaged old lady was so disagreeable to the boys); the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan Hotels (the former with a front of white marble) each of which cost with the furnishing not far from a million dollars; Union Park; all are objects of interest. But on the Fifth Avenue Hotel Mr. Alger really spreads himself:

> Though Frank did not know it, one of the queen's [Queen Victoria —Ed.] palaces is far from being as fine a looking building as the Fifth Avenue Hotel. St. James' Palace is a very ugly-looking brick structure, and appears much more like a factory than like the home of royalty. There are few hotels in the world as fine-looking as this democratic institution.

"Struggling Upward," "Phil the Fiddler," and "Jed, the Poorhouse Boy" are also included in this volume. Mr. Alger, it would appear, has written the Atlantic Series, the Brave and Bold Series, the Luck and Pluck Series, the Way to Success Series, and many other series; also such miscellaneous titles as "The Five Hundred Dollar Check," "From Farm to Fortune," "Hobart, the Hired Boy," "Victor Vane, the Young Secretary," etc. A Mr. Russel Crouse has written the introduction to the book. He relates that in Alger's later life he fell in love with a married woman and followed her to Europe. Customers will drop their eyes and turn away discreetly. Alger returned to live at the Newsboys' Lodging House. You may now raise your eyes! Mr. Crouse does not seem to have known Horatio personally, but his biographical sketch is worth your perusal.

I still wonder about that ten thousand dollars!

The Young Invincibles

"E" COMPANY. By Frank O'Rourke. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 166 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN the beginning a new infantry company is almost without form. Moreover, it is practically void of trained soldiers. Bringing order out of chaos is the duty of the company commander, who in our war-expanded army necessarily has little experience. His lieutenants usually have even less. Only a few months' training distinguishes the non-coms from the hundred and eighty recruits—just enough difference to escape the charge that here is a sample of the blind leading the blind. And yet the great American armies that defeated the Nazis and the Japs were created out of thousands of these microcosms.

There's a good story in the genesis of such a company, and a first-rate story is what Mr. O'Rourke, late U. S. Army, has made of the case history of "E" Company. The Company was born a few days after Pearl Harbor in an Alabama camp. A little more than a year later "E" Company bivouacked outside of Tunis. Only forty-three of the one hundred and eighty answered present at the roll-call that day. The Company had been trained and formed into a cohesive team in the United States, and had been blooded in battle in the North African campaign.

The Company Commander was a product of the R.O.T.C. The other officers were young lieutenants who had come up the hard way out of the ranks via Officers Candidate School. Under the leadership of these officers, who distinctly were not of the type that Bill Mauldin likes to caricature, the men had been metamorphosed from civilians in uniforms into soldiers. The soldiers had been welded into squads and platoons to grow at length into fighting "E" Company. The process of accomplishing this is admirably related in this simple, straightforward story of how a typical infantry company is born and bred to battle. The Company had its few goldbricks, its cheating crap shooters, but the average is the normal young American who has proven his worth and character in tough training and in tougher combat.

The final victory in this World War should not diminish interest in a novel with a military theme. Our success in this war depended on units like "E" Company. The development of a few hundred civilians into a company endowed with technical efficiency, physical fitness, capacity to handle weapons, and above all with the morale and team work that win battles is a story of human interest for all time. Mr. O'Rourke's report on the conversion of civilian raw material into effective military power is well worth reading. It helps to explain why the young men of this country were invincible against the armies of the dictators.

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Still Life of Japan

THE JAPANESE NATION: A Social Survey. *By John F. Embree. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.* 1945. 308 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

HERE and there, on points of interpretation, one may quarrel with the author of this study of the Japanese nation, but his descriptive *minutiae* are unrivaled for scope, accuracy, and completeness. John Embree's previous experience, including a year's residence in the Japanese village portrayed in "Suye Mura," has admirably qualified him for the general sociological analysis of Japan which he now presents. In his own words, he "has attempted to apply the methods of social anthropology to a social survey of a modern nation, viewing its social structure as a functioning whole with each of its parts having meaning only in relation to all other parts."

Like many other authors with a plan, he does not entirely achieve the goal set. The reader is passed along through a series of photographic "still lifes," instead of through life itself. Embree's successive pictures of Japanese government, education, religion, family relations, and culture patterns have all the value of the photographic impression, both in the fineness and accuracy of the detail and in the opportunity afforded for leisurely and thorough examination. But the data offered are static rather than dynamic, and the "functioning whole" does not actually

materialize. No feeling of a society in motion is imparted. Even in the chapter on the "social class system," where the tensions of contemporary Japanese society might be expected to provide a touch of dramatic conflict, there is little more than a bald catalogue of the various class groups in present-day Japan.

It follows that, in general, one may choose to read the different chapters in the order which fancy or curiosity may dictate. Some of the shorter chapters, on family and household, education, culture patterns, and mass communications, hold the most interesting material. In these fascinating essays the seemingly curious folkways, essentially the hangovers of the world's earlier primitive rural mode of life, are strangely compounded with precise statistical data on the number of movie-goers or owners of radio sets in Japan. The latter, characteristically enough, are shown to be doubly restricted: first, by a license fee of one *yen* and, second, by a prohibition on the ownership of short-wave sets. Even the mass circulation newspapers, attributed with a much greater effect on public opinion, are largely of urban influence, wholly aside from the strict censorship by which they are fettered.

Of the lengthier chapters, the historical resume of the Tokugawa Shogunate is both succinct and illuminating; it will prove of especial value to the lay reader. The long discussion of Japan's government structure is worthy of note for its treatment of certain aspects of local government, but some of its generalizations in other connections are open to question. The present reviewer believes, for example, that in the quarter century since 1920 events do not substantiate the following statement:

> The big capitalists, despite their great economic power, have been less important as direct determiners of governmental policy than might be expected. This is undoubtedly due to old feudal tradition which placed the merchant below the farmer in social rank.

Another lengthy essay, on Japanese religion, contains a minute and interesting description of family and household observances. This whole chapter is particularly relevant to a basic issue in current American statecraft, and it is significant that in his conclusion the author permits himself the luxury of one of his sharpest comments:

> The irony of the present situation is that the American government, apparently accepting the present role of the Emperor at Japanese official face value, permits no propaganda to Japan which might undermine his prestige; and in the event of an occupation of Japan, our military government officers will undoubtedly, in the name of law and order, repress any revolution which might affect the imperial position.

The sentence might have been written yesterday, when the aberration of strengthening the Emperor to serve as an Allied puppet began, instead of months ago.

Not all of the author's interpretations are as justifiable. He tends throughout to exaggerate the influence of the military and minimize that of the *Zaibatsu*. The military are given credit for efforts at social improvement, especially in behalf of the farm-

er, but the fact that vast military expenditures nullified such efforts is not clearly indicated. On the other hand, there is some evidence to support the following tentative prediction:

> The economic and financial structure of the nation, already well on the way toward nationalization and away from small-scale competing enterprises, will perhaps become completely socialized—at least in the field of national resources, public utilities, and heavy industries.

This change will not occur, however, unless the people of Japan establish control of their government, for the *Zaibatsu* will continue to be the strongest group in the state if the old regime is maintained in the Emperor's shadow. And the *Zaibatsu* would then be the group which would reconstruct the military-industrial base for a war of revenge.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 2. "Christabel," by Coleridge. 3. Rachel Verinder, in "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins. 4. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 5. Frederic, in "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert. 6. Porphyro, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by John Keats. 7. "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Moore. 8. Lady Macbeth, in "Macbeth," by Shakespeare. 9. "Dracula," by Bram Stoker. 10. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.

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ETHICS FOR AN ATOMIC AGE

SOCIAL progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the condition which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best.

The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. It demands that each man shall be mindful of his debt, and shall take heed that no act of his weakens the fabric in which he has been permitted to live. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage.

It is from neglect of these plain considerations that the fanatical individualism of our time attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society. Once more we have a misapplication of the stoical injunction to follow nature; the duties of the individual to the state are forgotten, and his tendencies to self-assertion are dignified by the name of rights. It is seriously debated whether the members of a community are justified in using their combined strength to constrain one of their number to contribute his share to the maintenance of it; or even to prevent him from doing his best to destroy it. The struggle for existence which has done such admirable work in cosmic nature, must, it appears, be equally beneficent in the ethical sphere. Yet if that which I have insisted upon is true; if the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends; if the imitation of it by man is inconsistent with the first principles of ethics; what becomes of this surprising theory?

Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combatting it. It may seem an audacious proposal thus to pit the microcosm against the macrocosm and to set man to subdue nature to his higher ends; but I venture to think that the great intellectual difference between the ancient times with which we have been occupied and our day, lies in the solid foundation we have acquired for the hope that such an enterprise may meet with a certain measure of success.

The history of civilization details the steps by which men have succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmos. Fragile reed as he may be, there lies within man a fund of energy operating intelligently and so far akin to that which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process. In virtue of his intelligence, the dwarf bends the Titan to his will. In every family, in every society that has been established, the cosmic process in man has been restrained and otherwise modified by law and custom; in surrounding nature, it has been similarly influenced by the art of the shepherd, the agriculturist, the artisan. As civilization has advanced, so has the extent of this interference increased; until the organized and highly developed sciences and arts of the present day have endowed man with a command over the course of non-human nature greater than that once attributed to the magicians. The most impressive, I might say startling, of these changes have been brought about in the course of the last two centuries; while a right comprehension of the process of life and of the means of influencing its manifestations is only just dawning upon us. We do not yet see our way beyond generalities; and we are befogged by the obtrusion of false analogies and crude anticipations. But astronomy, physics, chemistry, all had to pass through similar phases before they reached the stage at which their influence became an important factor in human affairs. Physiology, psychology, ethics, political science, must submit to the same ordeal.

Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. But, on the other hand, I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence, for a period longer than that now covered by history. And much may be done to change the nature of man himself. The intelligence which has converted the brother of the wolf into the faithful guardian of the flock ought to be able to do something towards curbing the instincts of savagery in civilized men.

—Thomas H. Huxley,
Evolution and Ethics, (1893).

Jade from Yucatan

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

NOT through a lens of language do we see,
But through this clouded green, rubbed to our loss,
And groping into old immensity,
Thrust against blankness. What the signs emboss
Upon this jade is symbol, and not ours,
Nor ever for our day, not of our mind;
Its overtones elude us, and its powers
Are hid by jealous years from eyes youth-blind.

We with our spades, digging however deep,
Have tools too blunt, insight too dulled, to span
The arc of centuries and stir from sleep
A Mayan thought, long dust of Yucatan.
Our stumbling guesses reach, but may not touch.
Leave them to their own place—we pry too much.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Modern Man Is Obsolete"

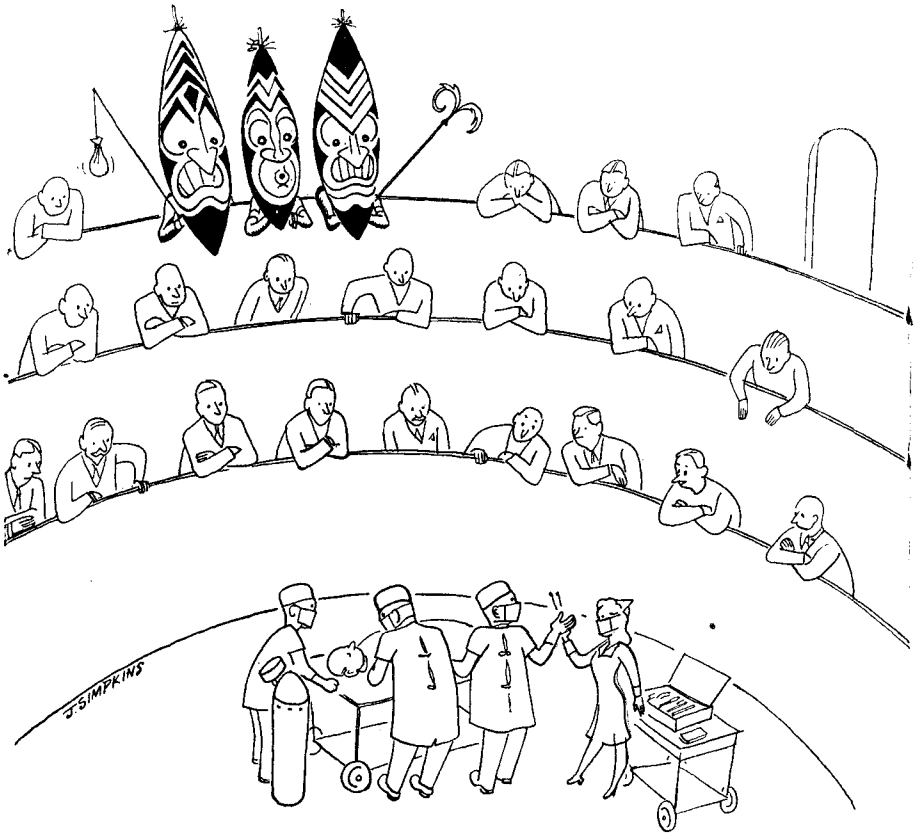
EDITOR'S NOTE—*As of Monday, August 27, more than 150 letters were received commenting on the editorial "Modern Man Is Obsolete," [SRL, August 18]. A representative cross-section of the mail follows.*

SIR: I just read your splendid editorial. Congratulations. The atomic bomb did not destroy Hiroshima and Nagasaki alone. It has destroyed national boundaries too. But more than that, it has destroyed power as represented by wealth and material resources. Henceforth, humanity's strength will rest in the spirit, which is the Oriental way of expressing what you call "world conscience." The day of world government is here, and you are its most eloquent spokesman.

CARLOS P. ROMULO.
Resident Commisisoner of the Philippines to the United States
Washington, D. C. 8

SIR: This is just to thank you for your editorial on the atomic bomb. There has been no greater or truer editorial utterance in our time.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
New York, N. Y.



SIR: I take this means of expressing my deep appreciation for your editorial. It should be reprinted again and again.

Even among the internationally-minded there are bound to be differences of opinion about our approach to the problem of attaining genuine world organization under law, but there seems to me to be little room for difference of opinion about the essential goal.

GEORGE FIELD,
Executive Secretary.
Freedom House,
New York, N. Y.

SIR: I am deeply grateful to you for your editorial, as true an analysis of the great hour in which we live as I have read.

RAYMOND SWING.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: I have read with enthusiasm your editorial and hasten to offer you my congratulations.

I wish, though, that you had emphasized a little more strongly the sudden evaporation of our newly-won military supremacy.

Nobody seems to have called attention to the fact, but it seems to me that Hiroshima was no more effectively blown up by the atomic bomb than was the effectiveness of the United States Army and Navy. With a thousand atomic bombs and the advantage of surprise, Holland could whip us. Our colossal military and naval establishments seem to me hardly more guarantees of protection than a million suits of chain mail would be.

The very concept of the Great Power today is misleading. Now that the devil is unchained, the smallest of nations is potentially capable of destroying the largest; we all stand on pretty much the same footing. In all the confusion of tongues since August 6, I have heard only one voice that seems to me to be speaking truth, and it is an echo from the Sunday-school I attended as a child: "Not by might and not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

It will be hard for Americans to realize that the battalions and fleets of which they are so proud may, after all, be worthless; but they had better realize it as soon as possible.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Your editorial astounded me. The atomic bomb will be counteracted by other weapons, just as anti-aircraft was developed to counteract aircraft. The world is still the same as it was before August 6, 1945. *The Saturday Review* should be the last place in the world for such alarums and excursions.

PETER ZIMMERMAN.
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I can't tell you how encouraging it is for civilization to have the arts and letters make such a superb contribution to meeting the central problems of our time. It has remained for *The Saturday Review,* a literary journal, to point the way.

GERALD BAKER.
Boston, Mass.

SIR: I think the best way to convey to you my opinion of your editorial is to quote the note I have just written to my son, who is twenty-one years old, has been in the Navy three years, and is now with Halsey's Third Fleet. He is a natural-born mathematician and had one year of engineering study before he enlisted. I am sending him a copy of your editorial. I wrote:

Dear Son,

This is one of the most important things that has appeared in print in a thousand years. I've already read it three times, and intend to read it many more times.

I telephoned to *The Saturday Review* today and was told that reprints would be available in about a week. Let me know how many you need.

Old Joshua Reynolds, who was not only a great painter but a real philosopher, once said: "There is no device to which man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking." This subject is one about which *everyone* must be *made to think*—especially those of your generation.

Read it, son, and promise a reprint to every shipmate you consider capable of grasping its significance. It may not be the *final* an-

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swer, but the importance of this article is that it points the way along which we must travel and *provokes thought* on the subject.

In Haste, Dad.

I wonder if a way could be found to put a reprint of your article into the hands of every man being discharged from the armed forces who has an I.Q. of 120 or better. If I had my way, it would be read at every college assembly in the nation and from every pulpit. Get it on the radio, if possible, and have it read in Congress and before the legislatures. Put the promotion in good hands.

My greetings to a great thinker!

LINCOLN GRAHLFS.
The New York Times
New York, N. Y.

SIR: I find three copies of the August 18 issue of *SRL* not enough to expose your magnificently thought-provoking editorial to all the people I should like.

Personally, I think it should be in the hands of every statesman and every thinking and even unthinking citizen.

Can't we please have reprints by the thousands?

RUTH HAWKINS.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: I would like to say that the editorial on the atomic age is the best thing I have read on the subject,—and we have been going through all magazines and important newspapers for their comment. Certainly from my reading it is apparent that education and liberal education have truly triumphed. The intelligence of the reactions to this terrific new force in our lives seems to be in direct ratio to the extent to which the publication or writer has been exposed to liberal intellectual processes. You see where this puts *The Saturday Review,* then?

(MRS.) MARGRETTA S. AUSTIN.
Federal Union, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: May I have the privilege of congratulating you on a really great achievement? It is so seldom that contemporary men of letters measure up to great events. Here we are—face to face with the greatest event in all history. And you, in your editorial, cover the atomic bomb with an intelligence and effectiveness which should leave every intelligent person in your debt for always. Sure it is the people can't measure up to what you say. And too bad it is that so many who might understand what you mean will miss the article.

I am saying very poorly what I mean from the bottom of my heart. Your editorial is a contribution to the welfare of the human race, whether they will know it or not. Congratulations and good luck to you. I am doing my little bit to pass this around in places where it may do some good. But it's a slow and tough job, keeping the world from suicide.

GILBERT E. FAETH.
South Norwalk, Conn.

SIR: Your extended editorial is a grand piece of writing and thinking—as far as it goes. It is by all odds the most honest and provocative analysis of our "atomistic" culture I have seen. As a presentation of modern man's tragic predicament with its ghastly alternatives one could not ask for more. And for putting your finger on human nature and saying, "thou art the man," for claiming that man can change and it is a question of will, I would only exclaim: bravo! . . .

For your real frame of reference why go back to the Greeks and what is essentially an exaltation of reason? When did reason ever save man from his brutish irrationality? Germany was not lacking in sheer critical intelligence. To what ends shall it be directed? Reason per se is a-moral. Even Einstein has confessed to a new estimate of Christianity since seeing the Church stand up to Hitler longest and hardest. It should lead one to ask: Has Christianity after all its shortcomings got something without which modern man and civilization cannot do? And I mean "survive" as you do. You call for "a general amalgam," some basis of unity in which diversity can still be preserved, some overarching scheme of moral values. And near the close of your editorial you get wistfully to the brink of religion but never quite essay the plunge. . . .

In the most naked sense modern man is obsolete because he lacks the sole means of personal and social salvation, God. "Who will deliver me from the bondage of this death?" might almost be the text of your editorial if your answer were not so different from Paul's. You say man can find the saving power within himself—reason. That is precisely what men have been saying for at least three centuries, and with what results? You hardly like them, nor do I. On sheer empirical grounds then by a process of elimination are we not forced to a faith in a saving Truth and Power beyond ourselves, not as any easy option but as an absolute prerequisite of personal hope and civilization's survival?

RALPH NORMAN MOULD.
Second Presbyterian Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: The challenge of your editorial reminds me of another nearly 2000 years old—

> The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.

MARION F. OVERTON.
Flushing, New York.

"Great Literature"

SIR: A few weeks ago [*SRL,* July 14], Mr. Grant C. Knight took issue with the statement, made by "one of the most energetic of our critics," that "there is neither logic nor experience to support the belief that books must be written in a given way, or that they must contain special sentiments." Such a thesis, Mr. Knight argued, leaves critics uncomfortable, for its implications lead "straight to the doctrine of critical pluralism." Apparently it is bad for the critic to be a pluralist, and therefore uncomfortable; for then he cannot speak with "authority," cannot "say precisely why one book is more likely to survive than others are."

It is at this point that Mr. Knight reveals his hand. He wants "authority," because it makes the job of reading and living so much simpler. Yet, like other modern authoritarians, he wants to secure his nice, sound absolute truths by a show of scientific method. And so he proceeds to demon-

WE STRIKE FOR FAIR PLAY & MORE PAY
UNFAIR
WE DEMAND
NO MORE OF KUPMANS UNFAIR METHODS
KUPMAN IS A STINKER
WHO DOES KUPMAN THINK HE IS?
STRIKE!
KUPMAN CAN'T DO THIS TO US!
DOWN WITH KUPMAN

"They just called it off."

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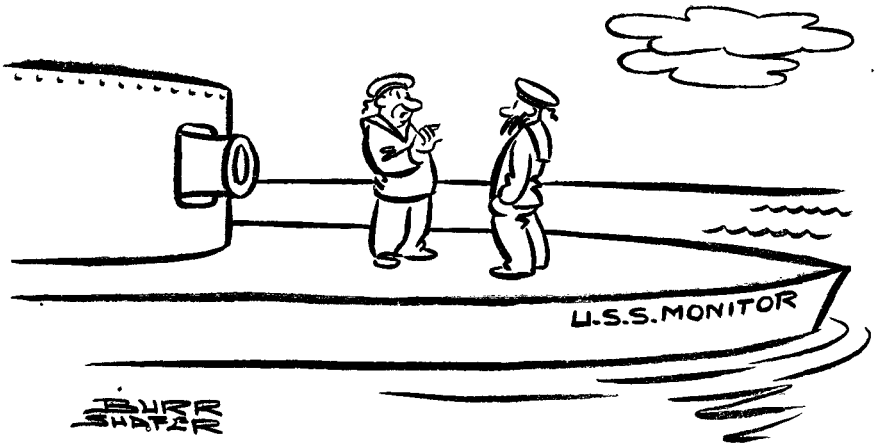

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"This ship is built of steel an inch thick—thousands of tons of it—and how in the world it floats I'll never know."

strate, by what he calls inductive reasoning, that the "greatest books" have been informed with the "heroic principle." That is why they are "great."

This type of rationalization reminds one of certain critics of the twenties and thirties who so valiantly strove to fit writers like Balzac and Shakespeare into the Marxist pattern. Knight's bias is different, but his approach is similar in many ways. He too ransacks the classics to see if he cannot find "great literature" affirming his own concept of the good, "the concept which makes human betterment, human transfiguration in some form or other, the maximum morality."

While a good many critics may be willing to accept his definition of greatness in literature (which is simply books of the past that are still read today), one can hardly accept his attempts to prove that this great literature has in every instance been informed with "heroism," a desire to lead mankind "to climb up to some kind of celestial city." Knight is pious and ingenious, yet even he has difficulty in finding an "heroic principle" in Swift and Hardy. And what about Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" or Stendhal's "The Chartreuse of Parma"?

Suppose, however, that one is convinced by Knight's mental gymnastics. What exactly do they prove? If it is true that the great books of the past were "utilitarian and moral," it is also true that the now forgotten books of the past were at least equally "utilitarian and moral." Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, and Conrad were certainly not more concerned with human betterment than Harriet Martineau, Robert Plumer Ward, Samuel Warren, Charlotte Yvonge, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Yet who will maintain that the works of these latter writers are "great?" Not Mr. Knight surely.

Had he not stated plainly that "greatness" could (and presumably does) exist independent of "beauty," Mr. Knight might be in a defensible position. As it is, he must either recognize Charlotte Yonge and company as "great," or admit that he has violated an elementary canon of reasoning, usually explained by logicians as "The Method of Agreement."

I should not feel greatly disturbed if Mr. Knight had confined his circular reasoning to academic problems. His errors could then be corrected in good time. But Mr. Knight does not speak as a mere academic. Whether he realizes it or not, when he sets forth his "heroic principle" as a "touchstone by which contemporary literature is to be tested," he is donning the uniform of an ideological policeman. It matters not that he is cautious, genial, and vague, and advocates a soupy sort of sentimental goodness. He is clearly a follower, if not a member, of Farrell's "The League of Frightened Philistines." In his own naive way, he is one of those "who have snatched what little they can understand from the great writers and novelists of the past, ripped that out of all historical [and artistic] context, and now use it as the rationalization for a morality [and theory of criticism] that can only be called false."

WAYNE BURNS.

Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y.

The Last Word

SIR:

This horror is ecumenical; all men's,
Beyond power to cleanse.

There is no consolation
For abomination,
But along the shelves
I looked among our Better Selves
(Poets, living or dead)
For something they might have said,
To remind me earth is better
Than a slaughter-kennel.

For what I needed there'd be
Perhaps only two or three:
Cummings, E. E., or "Burning the Bee Tree"
By Ruth Pitter.
Possibly Hopkins, S. J.,
Or, at her too rare best, Edna Millay.
Then I found, with gratitude
"The poet of one mood"
So she called herself, Alice Meynell:—

"Love, hide thy face
From Man's unpardonable race."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

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September Is Icumen In...

SEPTEMBER, we've often thought, might be a better time than January for New Year's. This month, life picks up speed. The schools open; the family comes home from the country; all the radio programs are back on the air; people on the streets walk faster. This is the season when we settle down to work for another year.

September still means the opening of the college year, despite year-round courses, despite wars and catastrophe in general, and even if Harvard *does* change its elective system. This month, thousands of students will be entering college or starting another semester. Many others will be stepping out of uniform to pick up their education where they left off. For all these, and for everyone who has ever been to college, Earl Schenck Miers has written a book about undergraduate life as he remembers it. The scene happens to be Rutgers, but it could be Yale or Siwash. The memories he records are those of one man, but in them every alumnus and alumnus-to-be will find reflected the fond hopes and fonder recollections of his own Ivy Years.[1]

UNFORTUNATELY for our theory about September, not everyone cooperates. The theatre, out of what we deem sheer perversity, begins its year in early summer. Of course, finding fault with the theatre is an ancient sport. Its sinfulness, among other things, is even today blasted at with astounding regularity. In the face of such constant attacks, we read with some refreshment and relief the opinion of Mr. Maxwell Anderson in the essay he has contributed to *The Bases of Artistic Creation.*[2] Our theatre, he observes, is essentially a religious institution—devoted entirely to the exaltation of man's spirit. On the stage, good inevitably seems admirable, and the audience instinctively roots for it. Hitler, as a character in a play, would have been despised even in Germany. Our modern theatre, maintains Mr. Anderson, is as much of a house of worship as was that of the Greeks, and has exactly the same meaning in our lives.

1. THE IVY YEARS
By Earl Schenck Miers $2.50

2. THE BASES OF ARTISTIC CREATION. *Essays by Maxwell Anderson, Rhys Carpenter, and Roy Harris* $1.25

At all bookstores, or
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N. J.

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

FROM STAFF SERGEANT John McSweeney, who worked in the Marshall Field book department before the war:

Last Saturday I went with a friend to the Little Company of Mary Convent for a visit with Santayana. He was very agreeable and, I think, very lonely, for he seemed so happy to have visitors. He urged us to come back whenever it was possible. He speaks very low and smiles a great deal. I told him I had difficulty in hearing him for I am deaf and he admitted that he too is very deaf and a trick of his is to take over the conversation and not give anyone an opportunity to ask him questions for he's sensitive about his deafness. He dresses in pj's which were badly worn, with a black necktie even more badly worn and a drab brown blanket bathrobe. His quarters are pleasant and his small sitting room has a balcony overlooking the convent garden. A beastly hot day but the room was cool. Walls and woodwork painted light green and the floor a dark oak parquet, highly polished. Some poor novice is probably at work on the floor every morning at four. A few lounge chairs and two tables and some makeshift bookshelves with remarkably few books. He was reading Lucretius—a Cambridge edition. His right hand is badly crippled. He used to see Ezra Pound frequently and thinks him mad. Told of Pound swimming in a brief pair of shorts and wearing a fur jacket. Said he was very comfortable under the Mussolini regime—evidently isn't concerned with the comfort of others and described the life of the convent nuns as being nothing more than genteel communism. Inquired after Henry Canby and Chris Morley. Wanted to know whether they were still on *Saturday Review*. I told him I'd recently received a package of *Saturday Reviews* and agreed to bring them along on my next visit.

Did I write you about the Keats House being put off limits for a time? Some bright MP noticed the number of GI's entering the building and reported it as a bawdy house and they tacked up an "Off Limits" sign. Weeks before it was straightened out.

MARK HOLSTEIN, bibliophile, legal light, and the only man in the world who would choose Princeton typographer Elmer Adler for his companion on a moonlight sail along the Grand Canal in Venice, is also one of the foremost Formosa scholars alive. In proof of this assertion, Mark sends Trade Winds the following contribution, which should have been submitted to *The New Yorker,* and probably was. (The original title, "Our Own Baedeker," is inked out and "Whadda Ya Know about Formosa" substituted.)

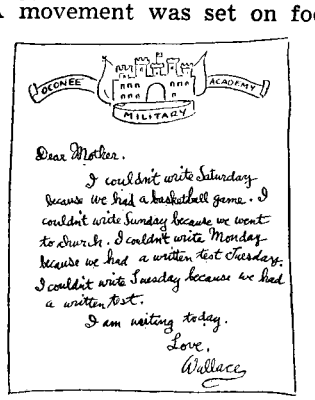
The island of Formosa, which has been so much in the news lately, was once the subject of a colossal hoax, perpetuated by a notorious mountebank who is known to fame as George Psalmanaazaar. He lived to be eighty-four, and late in life met Dr. Johnson who used to sit with him at an ale house in Old Street. Mrs. Piozzi, in her "Anecdotes," wrote that Psalmanaazaar's "pious and patient endurance of a tedious illness, ending in an exemplary death, confirmed the strong impression his merit had made upon the mind of Mr. Johnson."

Psalmanaazaar (whose real name is not known) is supposed to have been a native of the south of France, where he had been educated at a Dominican monastery. He early developed an extraordinary facility for languages, speaking and writing five or six, including Latin, fluently. After wandering as a mendicant student through Germany and the Low Countries, he passed for a time as a Japanese Christian. He then found it more profitable to pose as a pagan, living on raw flesh, roots, and herbs. He invented an elaborate alphabet and a worship all his own, made a prayer book with crude drawings of the sun and moon and stars and chanted some gibberish in prose and verse written in his invented characters.

At the instance of the Rev. William Innes, who, though an army chaplain, was a notorious scoundrel, Psalmanaazaar was baptized and was induced to pose as a native of the island of Formosa. Innes wrote the unsuspecting Bishop of London an account of Psalmanaazaar's conversion, picturing him as a victim of Jesuit persecution. Psalmanaazaar was brought to London and on his arrival became an object of universal interest and attention. He presented Bishop Compton with a translation of the catechism of the Church of England in his invented Formosa language; was introduced to many of the most distinguished residents of London, and even dined off the Royal Society, eating his meat with Sir Hans Sloane, the Secretary, raw.

A movement was set on foot to raise a fund for his maintenance and better education and at the expense of Bishop Compton and certain of his friends, Psalmanaazaar spent six months at Oxford "to teach the Formosan language to a set of gentlemen who (the Bishop hoped) were afterwards to go with him to convert these people to Christianity."

In 1704, Psalmanaazaar published a book entitled "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, an Island Subject to the Emperor of Japan" which he dedicated in flattering terms to the Bishop of London. After describing his reception in England, his travels, and his conversion to Protestantism, Psalmanaazaar described the language, dress, customs, habits, religious beliefs, and political constitution of Formosa. The book abounds in monstrous absurdities and finally resulted in Psalmanaazaar being exposed and discredited. In his memoirs, published after his death, Psalmanaazaar confessed that his book on Formosa was "a forgery of my own devising, a scandalous imposition on the public, and such, as I think myself bound to beg God and the world pardon for writing." . . .


OCONEE
ACADEMY
MILITARY
Dear Mother.
I couldn't write Saturday because we had a basketball game. I couldn't write Sunday because we went to Church. I couldn't write Monday because we had a written test Tuesday. I couldn't write Tuesday because we had a written test.
I am writing today.
Love.
Wallace

WHEN A BOOK publisher works himself up into a confessional mood, he often goes the whole hog. Consider, for example, the following unsolicited soul-baring from Jae Greenberg:

Dear Bennett:

Ben Zevin and I were sitting on the porch of his little cottage on the lake and I was confiding a few stories on myself. Says Ben: "Cerf is making a collection of publishers' bloomers. Send those in to him." Says I: "Well, the laugh's on me, but why not?"

I was busily selling Mr. Cousins, of Angus and Robertson, the Australian rights to a child's astronomy book I publish. It contains pictures of all the well-known constellations (Pegasus, Cassiopeia, Orion and the Bull, etc.). I thought I was doing fine and he let me get all the way through before he smiled and said, "But Mr. Greenberg, we're on the other side of the Equator."

And not long after that, I was hard at it again selling the English rights of a book to a visiting London publisher when suddenly, in the midst of my earnest sales talk, it flashed across my mind that I was discussing a book *I had bought from him.*

But what made my face really red was the experience I had when I published Middleton Murry's "Wrap Me Up in My Aubusson Carpet" (though Murry's face should have been redder than mine). This was a diatribe against Moore because of his criticism of Thomas Hardy. One of Murry's chief grouses was that Moore had most of his stuff published in limited editions because he knew damn well there weren't customers enough for any more copies. But, unfortunately, Murry forgot that, and I forgot that, when he (Murry) demanded . . . and made it part of his contract . . . that "Aubusson Carpet" be published in an edition "limited to 500 copies, of which 488 are for sale." But the reviewers didn't forget it.

And while I'm in a confessional

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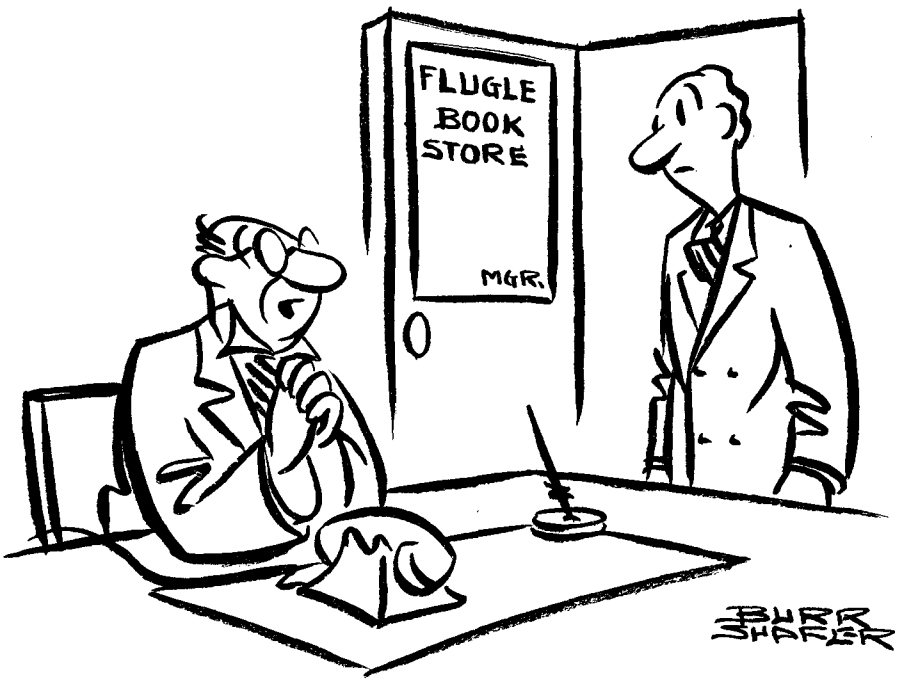

"I hate to mention it, but our customers are noticing—you smell too much like soap."

mood, why shouldn't I admit to you that I passed up both the fiction and non-fiction best sellers of the twentieth century . . . "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "How to Win Friends and Influence People." You see, I had a sixth sense that warned me of the ninety per cent income tax and of the paper rationing that were to come. Yet to soften the blow for myself, I must report that I have published books of these authors, both before and after their paper-eating, tax-burdened successes.

Wishing you the same . . .

FROM HARRY RUBY, or, as Coast scribes usually put it, the "irrepressible Harry Ruby":

I write in reference to your Bond Drive column. I got a kick out of every word of it.

I don't know why I waste a gloomy Sunday morning writing a fan letter. I, who am such a great writer myself, should be composing an epic instead of wasting my time praising you. But that is the way I am. When I read something I like by a friend I just have to tell him about it. My letter to Dickens telling him how much I loved the prison scene in "Pickwick" was just returned, marked "Insufficient postage." . . .

FROM EMORY FERREE, JR., of the American Red Cross:

Since I last wrote I happened to read a book review of a recently published book about war dogs. It reminded me of one of the most unusual sights I've ever seen, and it concerned these same dogs.

This happened on Pelelieu. We had been having considerable trouble with snipers filtering through at night, setting up shop in trees, caves, abandoned buildings, and any other place of concealment, and waiting until daylight to cut loose. To combat this danger mop-up squads constantly searched all areas accompanied by war dogs who ferreted out the snipers with considerable success.

One morning on my way to the lines with Red Cross supplies I came upon one of those mop-up squads which had just cleaned out a smashed-up hut beside the trail. The boys had found a shiny new Jap bicycle and were taking turns riding it. Weapons were strewn along the grass and the party was getting hilarious. A platoon came up the trail carrying mortar ammo for the front. One look and the ammo was dumped on the ground. It was a free for all to see who got the next ride. All this time the dogs sat quietly on their haunches. Huge, beautiful, Doberman-Pinschers, trying so hard to be dignified and above such foolishness. Finally one young dog could stand it no longer and with a yelp took out after the bicycle—all the others scrambling at his heels. Pandemonium reigned. Yells, barks, spills, Marines, dogs, and bicycle in a whirligig of action and enough noise to make a Banzai charge sound like a prayer meeting. The ruckus lasted for about ten minutes. Suddenly, without a word being said or a command given, it stopped. Weapons were picked up, loads resumed, and the dogs came quietly to heel. A shell rumbled overhead and the war began again. . . .

JOSEPH FLIESLER, of *Look* Magazine, concludes this week's bill with a story of the fellow who decided to sell a long-treasured letter signed by Thomas Jefferson. When the transaction was completed the dealer remarked, "I'd have given you fifty more if it wasn't for those stains. Looks like somebody used ink eradicator on part of this document." "That was me," said the seller. "A fool named Button Gwinnett, or something, wrote 'See me about this' acrost the bottom, but I managed to get it all off."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IF I may **Speak of the Devil** again, I notice that the acknowledgement page of that book gives thanks to a whole host of authors, agents, and publishers, while no homage is paid to the Devil himself for submitting to so intimate a display of his person and so analytical a probing of his manifold character. Did the Messrs. NORTH and BOUTELL omit their thanks to the Devil because his address is unknown or because they were not sure by which title to address him? May not the Devil be paged on every street corner? Isn't he the one who garbled the grocery order, and does he not lurk in every "Djinn" bottle? With traveling restrictions what they have been, surely the Devil must have spent his vacation at home and could easily have been reached. Here on my desk is a letter which I distinctly remember having put in the outgoing box three days ago—what the Devil is it doing *here?*

★ ★ ★ ★

MOST of the reviews of **Burning Gold** have seemed to appreciate the subtlety of characterization in the book and the depth of thought which underlies its romance. One or two reviewers, however, got bogged down by the language which ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS uses, and were unable to rise and toast the book. There seems to be great difficulty on the part of both authors and critics alike in deciding just how far an author should go in reproducing accurately the idiom of the epoch portrayed. The author, particularly if, like ANDREWS he is thoroughly up on his history, is tempted to recreate with great accuracy. While the critic is concerned with this too, he is sometimes more apt to dislike any speech archaisms which interfere with readability. Both author and critic have their point. In the case of **Burning Gold** I think it fair to say that after the reader has caught on to the idiom, which shouldn't take long, he will not be bogged down by it, and he will come to the last page feeling a little better for having discovered what makes Tom Dover tick.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

THIRD-STRINGERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the seventh of a series of eight guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is John K. Hutchens, literary and dramatic critic now on the staff of* The New York Times.

LOOKING back through the mists of fifteen years and more, I think I may say with detachment and modesty that we were all heroes. Night after night our betters, the first- and second-string drama critics of the New York newspapers, saw theatre that was conceivably worth seeing. We, to the best of my recollection and belief, never did. We dined on "turkeys." Broadway still has, of course, an occasional turkey, which is a little play that has no reason for existing—or, anyhow, no reason that is visible to the naked eye gazing dourly upon it from out front. In my early days—roughly, 1927-32—they fluttered almost nightly over Times Square from September to June, settling down on one protesting stage or another, there to remain sometimes until the next Saturday when Mr. Cain would call for them, haul them away, and embalm them at darkest midnight in his celebrated warehouse.

I can see them now, in one slightly appalling melange, as it were, of bad and poorly directed actors, hopeless scripts, frayed scenery, and inept lighting, the whole business dragging its tired way across a stage in the presence of an audience that was not only fit to be tied but must actually have been cemented to its chairs, else it would have gone screaming into the street. Why did they—the turkeys—happen? In melancholy moments I have often pondered this question, without coming to any exact conclusion. (I submit the problem, *gratis,* to any sociology student in search of a thesis on that period.) In the lush, late 1920's there was, of course, much easy gold with which Wall Street gentlemen who were theatre-struck, or who possibly had a more personal interest in stage artists, were wont to take a flyer. But, incredibly, the turkeys kept roosting for at least three years after 1929. Where did the money come from? There was some rich gangster backing, but that couldn't have explained it all. And there was the promoter who, deliberately planning the presentation of four shows that were as bad as he could make them, sold "pieces" totaling two hundred per cent of each show to widely scattered backers. (What he would have done if a show had succeeded must still give him uneasy flashes.) But this was an isolated instance.

Generally speaking, it seems that "Abie's Irish Rose" must have been at least psychologically responsible for most of these wayward exercises. The reasoning it inspired is clear. If "Abie" could succeed, to what box-office treasure troves might not "Chippies," "The Rap," "Paid Companions," "Mayfair," "The Blue Ghost," and their unhappy ilk find their way? Naturally, none of them ever did, because even "Abie" was a Pulitzer Prize candidate by comparison with these. But the boys kept trying. Who was to say, after all, that the lightning might not strike again?

But to return to the heroes. We still meet sometimes, in unofficial convention over a glass of mineral water, and, naturally, we reminisce. With the pride of veterans who survived the Battle of the Wilderness, we speak of our fortitude, and with a nicety of distinction usually reserved for higher things we talk at length of the worst plays and players we ever saw. And, though we do not agree on specific instances, we generally concur in the opinion that the so-called farces provided the sternest test of a third-stringer's mettle. A straight comedy, melodrama, or tragedy by one of this playwriting school was inevitably bad enough. For pure ghastly effect the farces anticipated the atomic bomb. The ringing telephones, the slamming doors, the husbands and wives exchanging mates at Long Island house-parties, the mustard plasters applied to Uncle Wilbert's aching back after he had been gallivanting around town (and at his age, too), the Negro servants tossed into a shrill dither by sheeted apparitions—this was the kind of thing a dauntless band once regularly reported upon in the newspapers of this city.

You do not believe this? Then time has dealt gently with your memory or, more likely, you were happily unaware of all this in the first place. But you have only to ask one of our little alumni association about, for instance, the item entitled "Bed-Fellows" (*circa* 1929), which some of our group nominate for the very top honors in the department of untoward events. A quick glance at a musty scrapbook tells me that "the first curtain of Mrs. Louise Carter's play rises on the fretful household of the Yost family, over which a bon-bon devouring mother presides. One of her daughters is married to an evidently dull husband, who in turn believes himself in love with the wife of his own wife's admirer." This one was, I agree, a quite perfect sample of what I am talking about, and another one was certainly "Little Orchid Annie" (they had titles in those days), which had a scene in which everyone dressed up in Mother Goose costumes and was so cute that only case-hardened veterans could stand it. Still another that has its partisans was "Hired Husband," in which (again the scrapbook) "Andrew Starr, the great lawyer, rescues a young vagabond from a Gramercy Park bench, brings him to his apartment and offers him in marriage to his beautiful young niece and ward."

My own favorite—and I have spent a long, long time reflecting upon this—was the aforementioned "Mayfair," by one Laurence Eyre, of which you will get no detailed resume here on the plausible ground that it would not be credible. You would have had to see it to believe it, and you are lucky that you did not. Is it not enough for you to know that it was a comedy of London society in which the characters played a game called "I spy with my little eye," and that the butler (a Russian prince) was in love with milady, who feigned offstage suicide but came back smiling to bring the curtain down? To return to the office after that, and to hear one's first-string boss bemoaning a slight falling off in the talent of a Philip Barry or a Maxwell Anderson whose play he had just seen, was to know the frustration of the thwarted mole.

However, the third-stringers were

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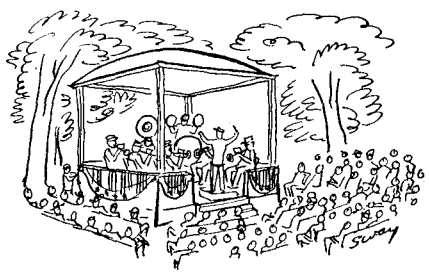
seldom really bitter. We could not afford to be. In self-defense we adopted an attitude of sardonic amusement. Indeed, since they were never good, the more dreadful the turkeys were, the less they bothered us, for the easier they were to write about. Two minutes after the curtain went up, one could start framing the "lead" of a review in his mind. "The drama put on its foolish face again last evening —" "It was the dubious distinction of Gustav Blum to present a new comedy last night at the Waldorf Theatre entitled—" When one really learned his trade, he could have the whole thing mentally written by 9:30 p.m. and be virtually through for the night.

Of course, newcomers to the third-string circle suffered acutely. (I especially remember one idealistic young graduate of the Yale Drama School who, walking numbly around the lobby during the first act intermission, wore —in Nunnally Johnson's great phrase —the stricken look of a collie that has just been slapped in the face by Al-



bert Payson Terhune.) Their first reviews, heavy with indignation at the debasement of a great art, quoted characteristic samples of dialogue. It didn't work. No dialogue can be as bad on paper as it is in the theatre, where a poor actor can really give it its due after being properly coached by a director from a Midwestern stock company.

So the neophytes soon learned better if they stayed at all. Most of them, I am glad to report, did remain, and I suspect that those who later went on to first-string posts are glad they had this early training. For, in a negative way, they learned a lot about the theatre in that gloomy laboratory: they learned the things that should not be done in and to a play. In fact, I rather sympathize with those who did not have to fight their way through that novitiate, because, to an ex-third-stringer, nothing he is apt to encounter nowadays in the entertainment business can ever seem one hundred per cent incompetent—not even a radio comedy program on a local station. It was a Spartan school—yes, a character-builder—and even those of us who no longer review plays for a living like to think that we are better citizens, tax-payers, and parents for having experienced the rigors that prevailed there. JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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AMY LOVEMAN

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THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. Charles Lamb.
CAPITAL. Karl Marx.
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ON LIBERTY AND OTHER ESSAYS. John Stuart Mill.
PROGRESS AND POVERTY. Henry George.
LOOKING BACKWARD. Edward Bellamy.
THE THEORY OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISE. Thorstein Veblen.
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Edward Gibbon.
ÆSOP'S FABLES.
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT.
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WALDEN. Henry David Thoreau.
THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. William James.
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Benjamin Franklin.
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DIARY. Samuel Pepys.

Biography

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Ernest Renan.
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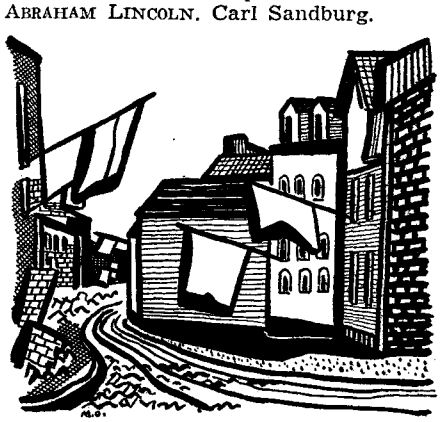

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK. Edward Bok.
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LIFE WITH FATHER. Clarence Day.
MY NAME IS ARAM. William Saroyan.

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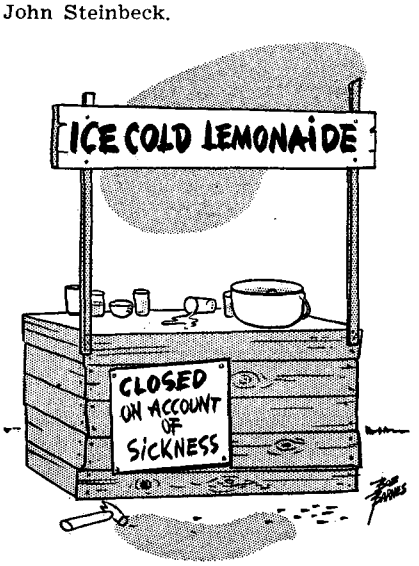

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A Segment of American Life

THE UNCERTAIN JOURNEY. By Oscar Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE really notable feature of Oscar Lewis's novel, which is otherwise slight and unsensational, is the manner of its writing. This kind of cool, impersonal objectivity has been conspicuous by its absence, for patent reasons, for a very long time; as a matter of fact I do not recall any like it since Dreiser's early novels. Mr. Lewis has that same godlike disinterest in anything but the over-all picture; no vested interest in any one character; no emotional identification; and no comment, no judgments passed, no irony or pity or disapproval. Here's your story and you make what you like of it.

In this instance it is about Bruce Priest, a young architectural student at Berkeley College, pursuing that same age-old uncertain journey through his salad days, learning about girls and love and work and self-support. One girl, Elaine Barnes, pops in and out of his life with fatal persuasiveness. She has that tenacious hold upon his imagination which makes of their relationship a minor "Of Human Bondage." But it is definitely minor; it has not the dramatic dimensions or the perceptions, emotional and philosophic, of that book of Maugham's. Bruce is neither profound nor sensitive nor suffering. He is, in other words, no hero. His unheroic life is merely a segment of species Americanus laid bare for our inspection. Mr. Lewis doesn't care too much. Neither do we. In the comfortable shade of this dispassion we can observe young Priest, his family, his girls, his jobs, his employers, his gay friends, his undistinguished escapades, with a rare clarity of vision. A lightness of spirit, a Jovian humor, escapes from the scene and is communicated to us.

It is a pretty small segment. Mr. Lewis may or may not wish to make larger uses of his objective realism; certainly his next book will be worth watching for to find out. In this one he has employed it to give freshness and vitality to a story that might otherwise have been devoid of either. quality.

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Miss Dodd's Non-Nazi Germans

SOWING THE WIND. By Martha Dodd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1945. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN the First World War Erich Landt was an ace in the famous German Death's Head Squadron. After Versailles he became "everything a flyer should be—an inventor, an explorer, a daredevil." From legendary adventures in the Arctic and the jungle and great international aviation shows he came home to Germany to help build an air force. It is at this point—soon after Hitler's rise to power—that we first meet him in Miss Dodd's novel.

A dedicated flyer and a German patriot, Erich Landt has no interest in politics. He is shocked at the Roehm purge. Even after a year of service with the Nazi Air Ministry he sincerely believes: "There won't be any nonsense about conquering the world this time. The air force is for defense and to give employment." He remains a non-Party German who devotes his creative genius to his fatherland.

When Erich's Russian aviator friend, Sorokin, asks for a definition of fatherland, the German replies: "Why, it's where you live, the food you like, the haircuts, the language, the forests, the beer, and waltzes. . . ." Sorokin says that fatherland means only one thing to him: "The happiness and security of every human being in that country. Then comes the music and literature, the dances, the steppes, the birches, and vodka." Miss Dodd threads her novel with the theme of this contrast. "All the great powers except Communist Russia had winked at Nazi aggression," reflects Erich's Junker friend, Wolfgang. "I'm a citizen of the Soviet Union," explains a captured airman. "We don't hate people because of their race, nationality, or religion; we hate only evil human beings, no matter who they are."

The evil human beings with whom Erich is associated work to make him a Nazi. Through two-thirds of the book he has the courage to stand out against them. Finally Goering, envious of his non-Party colleague's creative genius and fearful of his growing prestige, brings effective pressure to bear through the Fuehrer. The Gestapo takes a hand in Erich's "reform." The recalcitrant joins the Party.

As the Nazis sweep on through their military victories, promotion, wealth, and honors are heaped on General Landt. By the same token he becomes as depraved and corrupt as the Junkers, racists, and profiteers of the Nazi hierarchy. Nazism turns him into a minor Caligula, incredibly sensual, brutalized in body and soul. His once gallant and chivalrous spirit is warped by sadism. The intelligence that had warned him against war with the Soviet Union gives way to sanctimonious approval of Hitler's Russian strategy. He is sent on a morale mission to the icy wastes of the Eastern Front. It is the beginning of the end for General Landt and for Nazism.

In the course of his moral descent Erich loses the woman he loves and alienates his beloved parents. The former, together with her divorced husband, does important work in the underground movement. Erich betrays her to the Gestapo. His parents choose poverty rather than "soil our hands with bloody money." Their younger son, a Party member long before Erich, is killed in Spain fighting the Loyalists.

"Sowing the Wind" is starkly written, vivid in character portrayal, unsparing in realism of physical detail. The Lucullan life of the Nazi leaders, wife- and mistress-beating, the well-known American flyer who praises the Nazi air force, every last curve in the Goering silhouette—it all adds up to Miss Dodd's picture of the Nazi orgy. We get a close-up of the hatreds, jealousies, and rivalries that Hitler fostered in order to stimulate profitable intra-Party competition. Is the picture authentic? As daughter of our Ambassador to pre-Munich Germany she had an extraordinary vantage point from which to witness the rise of Nazism and of the men who served it.

She has made Erich Landt's father a spokesman for the non-Nazi Germans. "We've never liked National Socialism," he angrily reminds his bemedalled son. " . . . You've destroyed nations. You've murdered Slavs and Spaniards and now Frenchmen with your devilish planes. Because he believed in greed and in wanton killing your brother died too. You and your friends have disgraced my country for generations to come."

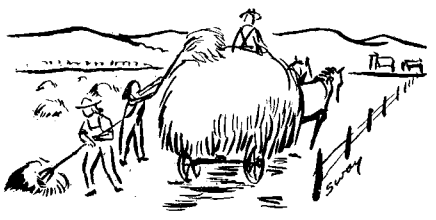
The Pursuit of Leadership

HOME FIRES BURNING. By Robert Henriques. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IF the returning soldier all over the world should look about him now for leadership, whence would it spring? Whom would he follow? Robert Henriques has used his novel to pose this question, with such compelling intensity (as well as with considerable poetic power) that we hope it will be read despite its shortcomings. The shortcomings may be stated simply thus: It takes more than a great problem and an earnest study of it to make a novel. There have to be live, vigorous, and integrated people who live lives independent of the problem, and who touch upon and illustrate the problem with their behavior. Henriques's characters lack this fullness of being. They are flat personnae in the old sense, through whom Henriques speaks in several voices. He is eloquent, thoughtful, prophetic—but he cannot make a convincing novel out of his many selves in debate. The people are not there.

Despite this—and sufficiently despite it to reward reading well—there are the fine poetic quality of Henriques's writing, his unswerving pursuit of the truth upon its highest level of expression, and the care with which he analyzes the subtle changes upon his theme. Jane is returning home to England to marry David Sloane, who has been wounded in the war and sent home for convalescence. David has always been the natural, unquestioned leader of men, and seems destined to be more so now, the war hero and beloved of his generation. But his head wound has changed the temper of his thinking; he is erratic, willful, consorting with strange emissaries, and moving in unknown directions. The suggestion is that he is ready to lead a British fascist movement among the discharged war veterans. His brother Robert ranges himself against such a movement, with earnest, though clouded, philosophic eloquence, and Jane herself moves between them uncertainly, loving David, fearing his new, dangerous personality. There is, finally, a group of four soldiers she has met on her homeward journey, who personify four types of fertile soil for leadership, and whose decisive reactions to David, when the story is resolved, point the hopeful conclusion.



There is no doubt of the clarity of exposition here. Henriques has laid bare his questions and answers, his concern with them, and his wish that we concern ourselves as well. It is a tensely written tract complete with moving figures, as vital as a good timely tract can be, if never quite a living novel.

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A Poet of Mingled Qualities

POEMS FOR A SON WITH WINGS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 123 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THERE is hardly anything new one can say about a collection of Mr. Coffin's poems. That he is a real poet, with enormous vigor, with a magic quality of pictorial imagery, with an ability to invest homely things with intimations of immortality, nobody would deny. But I know of no poet who combines so much that is careless and second-grade with the good. Reading Mr. Coffin's books always gives me that uncomfortably embarrassed apprehension one has when one is afraid that a friend who is talking well and holding a group of people spellbound with his humor and insight and homespun philosophy will suddenly say something incredibly trite and banal and ruin everything. There is so much that is fine and honest in Mr. Coffin's work that one regrets more than ever that lack of poetic discrimination which lets him be content to leave the worst with the best.

It is nothing new, of course, to say that Coffin is like the early Frost in the way he has, not of glorifying but of revealing the essential glory of the familiar things of earth—the farm, the seasons, the creatures and the people of the soil, and the Maine scene which he knows so well. There is room for both men and more in the celebrating of the familiar. No poet holds copyright on a type of poetry. But one cannot help comparing the presence or the lack of artistic integrity and poetic discipline in the two men's work.

Most poets develop a maturer skill, a surer hand as they go on writing. Mr. Coffin's virtues and faults appear to remain in exactly their same ratio in all his volumes of poetry. There are the flashing metaphors, the vivid pictorial images, the warm and lovely implications of the heights and depths of human experience, the glimpses of the angels "keeping their ancient places." And there are the limping rhythms, the hasty prosy lines, the grammatical lapses, the self-conscious preoccupation with maleness and the lusty vigor of bulls and roosters, and, ad absurdum, even proud frog males, frightened by human swimmers:

They had not been eaten, but it might
Have been better if they had.
When would any green wife again
Worship her lord on a lily pad?

Let us forget this, if we can, and look at "one short man bringing his long shadow home," at islands in a bay "each with a white bone in its mouth," at a beautiful and poignant poem beginning:

Go tell the bees, but tell the cattle, too,
The little calves being weaned will need to know. . . .

and another called "The Thin Bird," which has a quality of imagination and suspense "like rising thunder."

The reader would be the loser if he let himself be so outraged by the worst in Mr. Coffin's work that he could not see the best. And since this poet is apparently so set in his technique, I suppose the only thing we can do is to make the best of it, and just pretend we're not in the room when the crashing break that we're afraid is going to happen *does* happen.

After Music by Jan Sibelius

By Arthur Davison Ficke

NOW those great resonances, as of fiords and forests, shall
Not any more, no more, not any more
Echo, repeat, reverberate and recall
Sound of the sea and silence of the shore.
There is a meaning far too cruel for speech;
There is a mystery far too deep for love;
There is a flow of waters whose far reach
None has explored—yet there his spirit dove
And brought up, with the eloquence of sound,
Sea-shells of silence; and behind his tone
Echoes, re-echoes,—with the dim, profound
Reiterance of steps on hollow ground
Or the receding and persistent moan
Of midnight waves,—the heart that broods alone.

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A Rear View of the War

PERSIAN GULF COMMAND. By Joel Sayre. New York: Random House. 1945. 140 pp. $2.

Reviewed by SGT. AL HINE

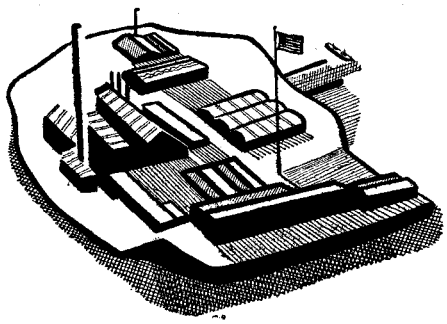
THE rear areas of a war, which exceed the combat zones as privates exceed generals, are always orphans of publicity. The wartime reading public which will welcome an "American Guerrilla" or a "God Is My Co-Pilot," can't seem to stir up too much interest in the story of a supply line or the history of a longshore battalion operation.

Joel Sayre has managed to do the damn near impossible job of writing a book about one of these rear areas, preserving accuracy and at the same time creating interest. The whole battle for Europe would have been longer and tougher without the impressive striking force of the Russian Army and that striking power would have been seriously impaired if the Russian Army had not had a stream of important military supplies travelling through the mountains and deserts of Iran, from the gulf ports of Khorramshahr and Bandar Shahpur to the northern termini of Kasvin and Teheran. The Persian Gulf Command moved those supplies.

Having observed Mr. Sayre while he was about his job of gathering the information which makes up this book, rumbling about the command like a small Sherman tank, his impressive bulk somewhat reduced by the Persian sun, or blinking indolently at a cafe table while digging for information from an informative GI, I can speak feelingly of the limitations to which he was subject.

His book does not, and does not try to, convey the immediate and ever-present boredom and stark meaninglessness of the life of an enlisted man in the command. It was the wiser part not to attempt such a job, for no one but a line GI in a railroad outfit or a trucking unit or a roustabout crew could do it successfully, and, if it were done successfully, it is open to question whether it would have sold more than one copy. It is unfortunate though, that lacking this boredom, the book seems at times a little too bright. It doesn't, in any sense, turn the Persian Gulf Command into a song-and-dance act, but the selectiveness of material which any good reporter has to exercise somewhat scamps the overall grimness of life in a military backwater. A similar flaw is the probably necessary crediting of generals and colonels for the various jobs of the command. No doubt every GI cannot be mentioned, but you can't stop an enlisted man from dreaming.

Barring these two picayune points, it's a swell book. Parts of it appeared originally in *The New Yorker* and hailed at the time by old Persian Gulfites who had grown so used to the usual correspondents' reports of Iran—"In the glamor-land of Persia American boys from Brooklyn and Arkansas are throwing a lifeline to the embattled armies of the Soviet Union"—that they had given up all hope of an honest



presentation of their pest-hole. This at last was it.

In book form, with additional material, it is even more so. It is the first good record of an orphaned supply command. The record is never phonily presented as an epic, but the epic tone is there. If you want to learn about a nomad chief who reads *Time* in an air express edition, about an Army chaplain who took in a Shiite Moslem Muhurram celebration, about the potency of vodka and the desert sun, about blowtorch stoves and runaway trains, about all the screwy things with which some 30,000 American soldiers lived for over two years, this is your meat.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 115

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 115 will be found in the next issue.

S ESF EMKL FGL KOSDDGO

EGJW TWDAWXK LZSF ZW

USF VAYWKL.

—ZSNWDGUC WDDAK.

—VSFUW GX DAXW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 114

SYDNEY SMITH SAID HIS IDEA OF HEAVEN WAS EATING FOIE GRAS TO THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

—TABLE-TALK.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE SPIDER IN THE SUN

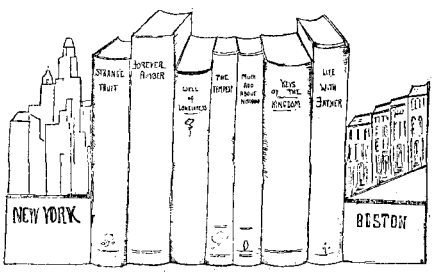
NOW that the grim and terrible task is done,
There lives no more the Spider in the Sun
Where, as it rises, day is well begun.
No longer is there destiny divine
In that proud Empire northward of the Line,
From Sakhalin to Saigon and Thailand,
Where Honshu's Spider wove his web long-planned
To spread the Son of Heaven's destiny:
Korea to Manchuria, oversea;
South to Shanghai, the Dragon Realm bound fast,
The Spider feeding; Hainan bound the last
Six years ago and more; and then the pact
With the inebriates of the West, to act
As lord of Great East Asia. Thus there spread
To Andamans—Aleutians—such strong thread
As no black spiders from their bellies spin.
These reached for raw materials, oil and tin,
Rubber and manganese. The round red sun
Longer steel filaments from its bowels spun
East to Pearl Harbor late in '41,
And suddenly struck our fleet—as words went on—
Lashed south and east and fastened on Luzon,
Davao and Mindanao, Guam and Wake,
Lingayen Gulf; and with the Spring could take
Bataan, and, in that May, Corregidor,
Even as, three months earlier, Singapore
Had fallen, a death-blow to the British might.
Since March, to far Australia called to fight,
MacArthur vowed return. The Spider's boast
Was earlier fact. They shelled our western coast,
As fiery threads reached far across the seas.
Java, Sumatra, and the Celebes
Were in their web. The Dutch East Indies gone,
Australia waited, and was saved anon
By carrier warfare in the Coral Sea;
Even as the Catalinas, flying free,
And Midway planes sent Zeros from the skies,
And *Hornet,* fated *Yorktown, Enterprise*
Finished Jap carriers in that earlier fight
When out of Midway, diving from the height,
We crushed their great Armada, and watched burn
The *Kaga, Akagi, Soryu, Hiryu,* in turn
Cruisers, destroyers, battleships. Brought through
Somehow, our long supply lines spanned the blue.
Convoys and freighters ploughed across the sea.
Till, in the Spring of 1943,
Land-bombers skimmed the Tokyo roofs in raid,
Heralds of Superforts that soon essayed
Mightier missions. Long harassed and tried,
At last the United Nations turned the tide:
Guadalcanal, the Aleutians, and the climb
Up the New Guinea ladder, tedious time
Conquering the Solomons; our fleet of pride
Rising from strength to strength, planes multiplied,
Despite our losses. So we came to power;
And grim Tarawa Atoll, in her hour,
Took our best blood, and Iwo; and the waves
That long ran red; and the close island graves.

But now, with apocalyptic might to stun,
We have left blackened the Spider in the Sun,
Smoking upon the sea. The web he spun
Is gapped, and torn, and shattered every thread;
And from Manila Bay to Diamond Head,
From Unimak to the Narrows runs the word
That leapt along the lightning to be heard,
While in the Pacific our fleets of mighty will
That gathered like sea lions for the kill
Stand by in peace. The word of Peace goes forth,
South to Tasmania, to Kamchatka north;
Peace and deliverance from duty done
That crushed the Spider of the Rising Sun.

* * *

Strangely enough last summer I was reading up here "The World Set Free," by H. G. Wells, published by E. P. Dutton in 1914, just as the First World War burst on England. It is dedicated to Frederick Soddy's Interpretation of Radium, "This Story which Owes Long Passages to His Eleventh Chapter." To leave out the excellent and hair-raising descriptions of the destruction of Europe, this is the way (on pages 114-116—I excerpt) Wells then imagined the Atomic Bomb:

> Never before in the history of warfare had there been a continuing explosive; indeed, up to the middle of the twentieth century the only explosives known were combustibles whose explosiveness was due entirely to their instantaneousness; and these atomic bombs which science burst upon the world that night were strange even to the men who used them. Those used by the Allies were lumps of pure Carolinum, painted on the outside with unoxidized cydonator inducive enclosed hermetically in a case of membranium. A little celluloid stud between the handles by which the bomb was lifted was arranged so as to be easily torn off and admit air to the inducive, which at once became active and set up radio-activity in the outer layer of the Carolinum sphere. This liberated fresh inducive, and so in a few minutes the whole bomb was blazing continual explosion. The Central European bombs were the same, except that they had a more complicated arrangement for animating the inducive.



It seems that Carolinum, "which belonged to the Beta-Group of Hyslop's "suspended degenerator" elements, once you induced its degenerative process "continued a furious radiation of energy and nothing could arrest it." Its half period was seventeen days (half its store of energy was exhausted in that time) and succeeding days emissions were halved in turn. It was never entirely exhausted and radiant energy remained in the battle-fields. "A moment after its explosion began it was still mainly an inert sphere exploding superficially, a big, inanimate nucleus wrapped in flame and thunder." It fell through the air thus, but after it had bored into the earth, more Carolinum became active and "the bomb spread itself out into a monstrous cavern of fiery energy at the base of what became very speedily a miniature active volcano." It remained spinning furiously and erupting for years, months, or weeks according to circumstances. "Such was the crowning triumph of military science, the ultimate explosive, that was to give the 'decisive touch' to war. . . ."

Sometime ago I suggested that H. G. Wells be invited to one of the big Conferences. (I know he is now in hospital in England.) I still think he might have added some good thoughts, though his preview of the Atomic Bomb seems to be a little different from the terrible reality.

Incidentally the book contains a Peace Conference very different indeed from that which later took place at Versailles, and again different from San Francisco. But there is no doubt that the Sage of Pseudo-Science called the turn on what was to happen. And speaking of energy, the mental energy of Wells himself has certainly a touch of the Atomic!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

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(*Continued on next page*)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IS there any other form of amusement, I wonder, that numbers among its followers such clever folk as you? The following is good enough for *The New Yorker,* complete with those side-splitting sketches that add so much to their Talk of the Town Department:

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING(sley)
When working double-crostics
I'm often at a loss.
For words of double meaning
My poor mind, will not cross!
And long they, in said poor mind stick
But still I am not cross.
'Cuz double-crostics tickle me
They're surely worth all troubles
The more they double-cross me!
The more my interest doubles!
So here's to Double-Crostics
They're life's best pepper-upper,
Whether you take 'em between meals
Or for breakfast, lunch or supper.
I dubs 'em tops from A to Z,
Cross my heart! Double cross my heart
It's double-crostics for me!

LOUISE S. PECK,
1140 Clarkson St.,
Denver 3, Colo.

From Harry Irvine, our English-born American actor, New York, I quote in full:

> This is in the nature of a Camp Show or Stage Door Canteen contribution: actors doing their best to support the armed forces.
>
> The *Yank* Staff did a pretty swell job with *S.R.L.* But Sgt. Paul Showers needed an ally. He came up with a splendid D.C. quotation, albeit shorter than the classic model as used by E. S. K. Even so, by cutting Samuel Butler down to S. Butler or plain Butler, he could have given himself Mrs. Kingsley's average of seven letters to each defined word. But I hope that the enclosed will show that his "conclusion that there aren't enough letters in the four verses to make words that will define intelligibly" is erroneous. As there may not be too many reference books on Saipan, I have ignored reference books in this contribution. Incidentally the construction took me about three hours; the writing out and checking took considerably longer.

Mr. Irvine has made an excellent DC of it, with definitions far more indirect than are mine.

Mrs. Harry L. Walker, Bronxville, N. Y., also sent one, not so involved, however, as Mr. Irvine's.

Philip S. Marden, Dartmouth alumnus, guest of our Inn, for forty-three years Editor of the *Lowell Courier-Journal,* tells me that in a copy of class notes he read of a classmate (Kent Knowlton by name) who spends his time between gardening and doing Double-Crostics; whereupon he, Marden, satisfied a curiosity to know what his classmate was doing; whereupon he tried them himself and now travels about with a DC book under his arm.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 597

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

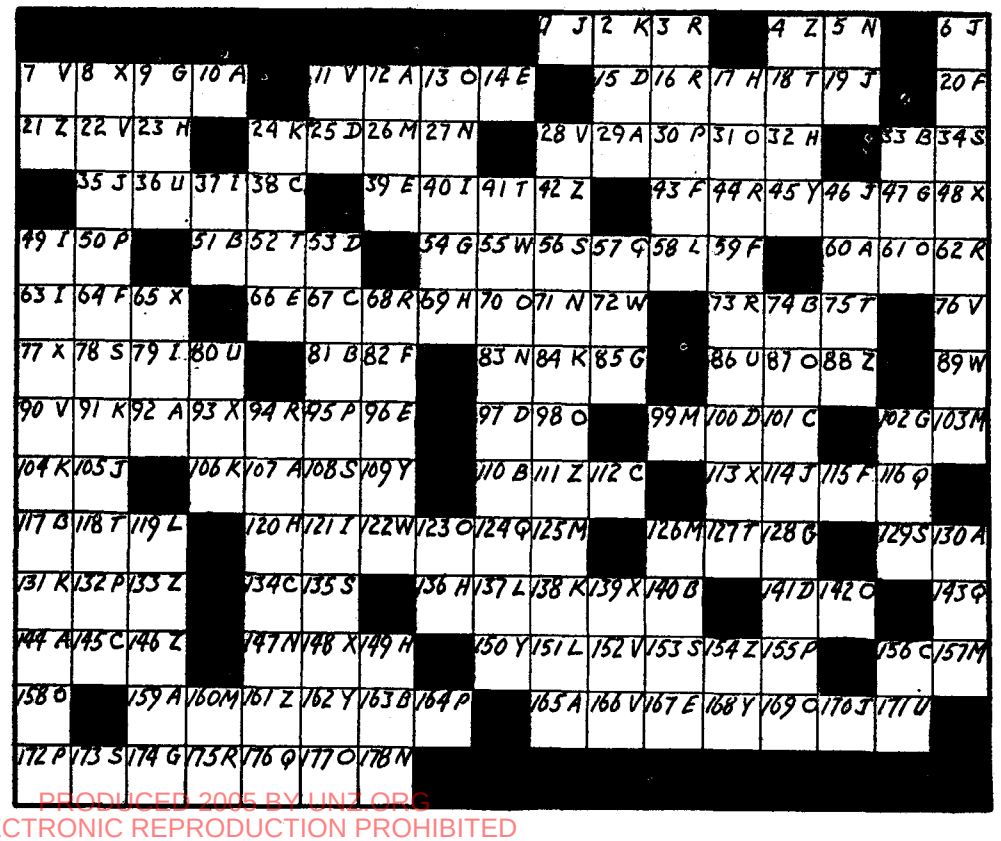
The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Science of the hygiene and diseases of children (Med.)
B. To veer suddenly into the wind, incurring the danger of capsizing (Naut.; 2 wds.)
C. Curled and wrinkled (said of plants).
D. English explorer and anthropologist in Australia (1830-1908).
E. To lay in surrounding matter.
F. To throw or drive with violence (2 wds.)
G. To yield without further struggle (2 wds.)
H. American sculptor (1880-; "Ecce Homo").
I. Cowardly or treacherous; sensational.
J. Superabundance.
K. Pulitzer prize winner for novel, 1939.
L. Leather flask or vessel for oils, etc. (Gr. Archeol.)
M. Noted American sculptor (1885-).
N. American minstrel and song writer (1815-1904; "Dixie").
O. Danish sculptor (1768-1844; "The Lion of Lucerne").
P. An idolater; a Gentile (Bib.)
Q. Urged on; incited.
R. To traverse, as a trail.
S. To move along by pushing (as a boat; 2 wds.)
T. Father of Noise who is the lover of Deirdre (Irish Folklore).
U. A fragrant ointment made partly from a plant (Bib.)
V. To desist or cease suddenly, as from speaking (2 wds.)
W. A solemn affirmation attesting the truth.
X. Gave offense.
Y. The openings of the nose.
Z. Opening wide (as a seed-pod).

WORDS

60 29 10 130 144 92 107 12 165 159
51 140 33 110 163 74 117 81
101 156 145 134 38 67 112
141 25 15 100 53 97
14 39 66 167 96
115 64 43 82 20 59
54 47 9 128 174 102 85
69 136 120 32 23 17 149
63 37 121 49 40 79
35 105 170 6 19 114 46 1
91 84 138 104 106 2 131 24
137 58 151 119
26 126 157 125 99 103 160
27 83 147 5 71 178
169 177 98 13 123 70 61 158 31 142 87
155 95 30 172 164 50 132
57 176 143 124 116
175 68 73 16 94 44 62 3
129 173 108 56 153 78 34 135
52 41 127 75 18 118
80 86 36 171
28 166 152 7 22 90 11 76
55 122 89 72
93 8 48 77 148 113 139 65
109 168 45 162 150
88 146 4 21 133 154 161 111 42



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